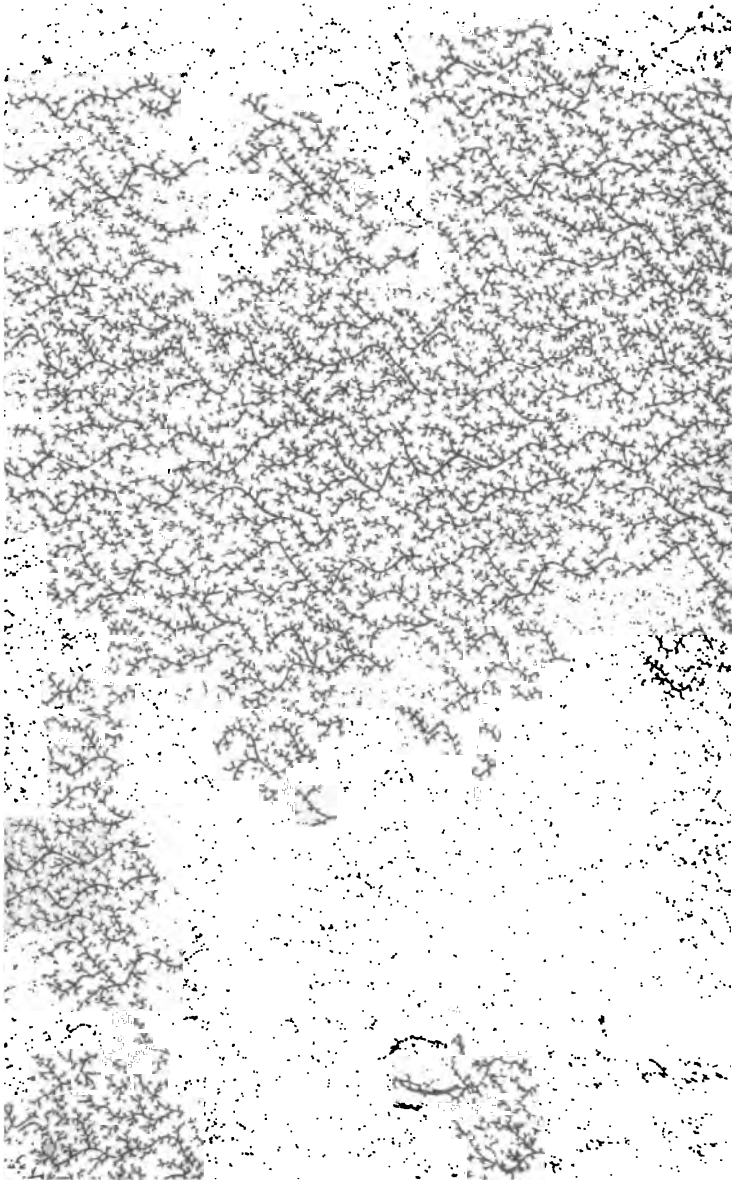


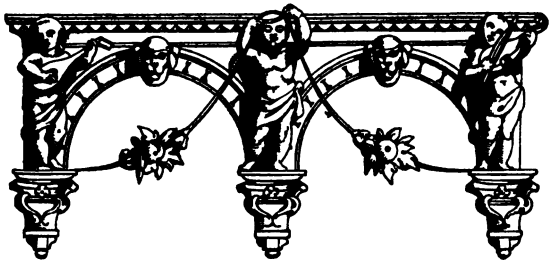
FROM THE SPANISH.

No trumpet blast proclaimed
The joy of youth and Prince of Pe[illegible] was b[illegible]
No bloody sires

Henrietta Morris.

Christmas 1852.

Christmas
N. Y.



Christmas Tyde.

A SERIES

OF SACRED SONGS AND POETICAL PIECES,

SUITED TO THE SEASON.

Christmas Tyde.

LONDON
WILLIAM PICKERING
1849

TO

DAME EMMA DOROTHEA,

WIFE OF

SIR FRANCIS ASTLEY, BART.

These Memorials of Christmas

ARE PRESENTED,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER LOVE FOR SUCH HALLOWED THEMES

AND HER APPRECIATIVE ENJOYMENT OF

CHRISTIAN ART.

Chriſtmas Tyde:

For unto us a child is born,
Unto us a ſon is given:
And the government ſhall be
Upon his ſhoulder:
And his name ſhall be called
Wonderful, Counſellor, The Mighty God,
The everlaſting Father, The Prince of Peace.

Iſaiah. ix. 6.

The Word was made fleſh,
And dwelt among us,
And we beheld his glory,
The glory as of the only begotten of the Father,
Full of grace and truth.

St. John. i. 14.

Contents.

Part II.

The Birth of our Bleſſed Lord.

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PART III.

Infancy of our Bleſſed Lord.

Feſtivals included in Chriſtmas time.

St. Stephen's Day.

St. John's Day.

" The Innocents' Day."

The Titles included in inverted Commas are believed
thoſe appointed, by the Poets, for the ſeveral pieces. A
Titles have been given to extracts from long poems, th
not ſo included.

Invocation.

"To God the Sonne."

GREAT Sonne of God, but borne the ſonne
of man,
One ſubject of a double ſubſtance fram'd:
wherein nor man-hood loſt, nor god-
head wun
of them both at once one Chriſt was nam'd
all times begot, in time created,
Lord of Lords, a ſervant form retaining,
:t no former forme thereby abated:
:rvants forme, the forme of God remaining.
Sonn of God, then whom there is no greater
not the Father in His great divinitie,
d creator and as man a creature:
more and leſſe, agree not in infinity.)
me to know how man by God aſſumed
oth, and yet not man by God conſumed.

William Leighton.

Introduction.

I.

THE birth of Him that no beginning knewe,
Yet gives beginning to all that are
borne,
And how the Infinite farre greater grewe,
rowing leſſe, and how the riſing Morne,
ſhot from heav'n, did back to heaven retourne,
ſequies of Him that could not die,
ath of life, ende of eternitie,
orthily He died, that died unworthily;

od, and Man did both embrace each other,
in one perſon, heav'n, and earth did kiſs,
w a Virgin did become a Mother,
bare that Sonne, who the worlds Father is,
Maker of His mother, and how Bliſs
led from the boſome of the High,
th Himſelfe in naked miſerie,
at length to heav'n, in earth, triumphantly,

Is the firſt flame, wherewith my whiter Muſe
  Doth burne in heavenly love, ſuch love to tell.
O Thou that didſt this holy fire infuſe,
  And taught'ſt this breſt, but late the grave of hell,
  Wherein a blind, and dead heart liv'd, to ſwell
With better thoughts, ſend downe thoſe lights that lend
Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end
The love, that never was, nor ever can be pend.

Giles Fletcher.

II.

BEGINNE from firſt, where He encradled was
  In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a Wad of Hay
Betweene the toylfull Oxe and humble Aſſe,
  And in what Rags, and in how baſe Aray,
  The Glory of our heavenly Riches lay,
When Him the ſilly Shepheards came to ſee,
Whom greateſt Princes ſought on loweſt Knee.

Edmund Spenſer.

III.

LET me tell thee a ſtrange ſtorie.
  The God of power, as He did ride
  In His majeſtick robes of glorie,
    Reſolv'd to light; and ſo one day
  He did deſcend, undreſſing all the way.

The ſtarres His tire of light and rings obtain'd,
  The clouds His bow, the fire His ſpear,

ſky His azure mantle gain'd.
.nd when they aſk'd, what He would wear;
ſmil'd, and ſaid as He did go,
had new clothes a making here below.

George Herbert.

IV.

ıe miſerable eſtate of the World before the Incarnation of God."

THE Grieſe was common, common were the Cryes,
Tears, Sobbes, and Groanes of that afflicted Traine,
ich of Gods choſen did the Summe containe,
:arth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies;
good had left the World, each Vice did raigne,
moſt hideous ſhapes Hell could deviſe,
l all degrees, and each Eſtate did ſtaine,
ırther had to goe, whom to ſurpriſe:
: World beneath the Prince of Darkneſſe lay,
:ry Phane who had himſelf inſtall'd,
ıcrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,
ponſes gave, which, Fooles, they did obey:
When pittying Man, God of a Virgines wombe
Was borne, and thoſe falſe Deities ſtrooke dombe.

William Drummond.

V.

ON Mans behalf
Patron or Interceſſor none appeerd,
Much leſs that durſt upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ranſom ſet.
And now without redemption all mankind
Muſt have bin loſt, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom ſevere, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulneſs dwels of love divine,
His deareſt mediation thus renewd.

Father, Thy word is paſt, man ſhall find grace;
And ſhall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The ſpeedieſt of Thy winged meſſengers,
To viſit all Thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unſought,
Happie for man, ſo coming; he her aide
Can never ſeek, once dead in ſins and loſt;
Attonement for himſelf or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring:
Behold Mee then, Mee for him, life for life
I offer, on Mee let Thine anger fall;
Account Mee man; I for his ſake will leave
Thy boſom, and this glory next to Thee
Freely put off, and for him laſtly die
Well pleaſ'd, on Me let Death wreak all his rage;
Under his gloomie power I ſhall not long
Lie vanquiſht; Thou haſt givn Me to poſſeſs

ı My ſelf for ever, by Thee I live,
gh now to Death I yeild, and am his due
.at of Me can die, yet that debt paid,
wilt not leave Me in the loathſom grave
rey, nor ſuffer My unſpotted Soule
ver with corruption there to dwell;
ſhall riſe Victorious, and ſubdue
'anquiſher, ſpoild of his vanted ſpoile;
ı his deaths wound ſhall then receive, and ſtoop
·ious, of his mortall ſting diſarm'd.
ɔugh the ample Air in Triumph high
lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and ſhow
ɔowers of darkneſs bound. Thou, at the ſight
'd, out of Heaven ſhalt look down and ſmile,
: by Thee raiſ'd I ruin all My foes,
ı laſt, and with his carcaſs glut the Grave:
with the multitude of My redeemd
enter Heaven long abſent, and returne,
r, to ſee Thy face, wherein no cloud
ger ſhall remain, but peace aſſur'd,
reconcilement; wrauth ſhall be no more
ceforth, but in Thy preſence Joy entire.

vords here ended, but His meek aſpect
: yet ſpake, and breath'd immortal love
ıortal men, above which only ſhon
obedience: as a ſacrifice
to be offer'd, He attends the will
.is great Father. Admiration ſeiz'd
Ieav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend

Wondring; but ſoon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
O Thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O Thou
My ſole complacence! well Thou know'ſt how dear,
To Me are all My works, nor Man the leaſt
Though laſt created, that for him I ſpare
Thee from My boſom and right hand, to ſave,
By loſing Thee a while, the whole Race loſt.
Thou therefore whom Thou only canſt redeeme,
Thir Nature alſo to Thy Nature joyne;
And be Thyſelf Man among men on Earth,
Made fleſh, when time ſhall be, of Virgin ſeed,
By wondrous birth: be Thou in Adams room
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.
As in him periſh all men, ſo in Thee
As from a ſecond root, ſhall be reſtor'd,
As many as are reſtor'd, without Thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, Thy merit
Imputed ſhall abſolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in Thee tranſplanted, and from Thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is moſt juſt,
Shall ſatisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying riſe, and riſing with Him raiſe
His Brethren, ranſomd with His own dear life.
So Heav'nly love ſhal outdoo Helliſh hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
So dearly to redeem what Helliſh hate
So eaſily deſtroy'd, and ſtill deſtroyes
In thoſe who, when they may, accept not grace.

ılt Thou by deſcending to aſſume
Nature leſſen or degrade Thine owne.
: Thou haſt, though Thron'd in higheſt bliſs
o God, and equally enjoying
:e fruition, quitted all to ſave
d from utter loſs, and haſt been found
rit more then Birthright Son of God,
worthieſt to be ſo by being Good,
ore then Great or High; becauſe in Thee
ath abounded more then Glory abounds,
ɔre Thy Humiliation ſhall exalt
:hee Thy Manhood alſo to this Throne;
ıalt Thou ſit incarnate, here ſhalt Reigne
ſod and Man, Son both of God and Man,
ed univerſal King; all Power
Thee, reign for ever, and aſſume
lerits; under Thee as Head Supream
:s, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:
:es to Thee ſhall bow, of them that bide
ven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
Thou attended glorioufly from Heav'n
ı the ſkie appeer, and from Thee ſend
mmoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
·ead Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
·ing, and forthwith the cited dead
ɔaſt Ages, to the general Doom
aſt'n, ſuch a peal ſhall rouſe thir ſleep.
ll Thy ſaints aſſembl'd, Thou ſhalt judge
:n and Angels, they arraignd ſhall ſink
ı Thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,

Thenceforth ſhall be for ever ſhut. Mean whi
The World ſhall burn, and from her aſhes ſpri
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the juſt ſhall d
And after all thir tribulations long
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth
Then Thou Thy regal Scepter ſhalt lay by,
For regal Scepter then no more ſhall need,
God ſhall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore Him, who to compaſs all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour Him as Mee.

John Milto

VI.

BELOW the Botome of the great Aby
There where one Center reconciles things;
The worlds profound Heart pants; T placed is
Miſchiefes old Maſter, cloſe about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kiſſe
His correſpondent cheekes: theſe loathſome ſt
Hold the perverſe Prince in eternall Ties
Faſt bound, ſince firſt he forfeited the ſkies.

The judge of Torments, and the King of Teare
He fills a burniſht Throne of quenchleſſe fire
And for his old faire Roabes of Light, he weare
A gloomy Mantle of darke flames, the Tire
That crownes his hated head on high appeares;
Where ſeav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) aſ

And to make up Hells Majeſty, each Horne
Seav'n creſted Hydras horribly adorne.

His Eyes, the ſullen dens of Death and Night,
Startle the dull Ayre with a diſmall red:
Such his fell glances as the fatall Light
Of ſtaring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead.
From his black noſtrills, and blew lips, in ſpight
Of Hells owne ſtinke, a worſer ſtench is ſpread.
His breath Hells lightning is: and each deepe groane
Diſdaines to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone.

His flaming Eyes dire exhalation,
Unto a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath;
Whoſe unconſum'd conſumption preys upon
The never-dying Life of a long Death.
In this ſad Houſe of ſlow Deſtruction,
(His ſhop of flames) hee fryes himſelf beneath
A maſſe of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnaſh,
While his ſteele ſides ſound with his Tayles ſtrong laſh.

Three Rigourous Virgins waiting ſtill behind,
Aſſiſt the Throne of th' Iron-ſceptred King.
With whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd
They rouſe him, when his ranke thoughts need a ſting.
Their lockes are beds of uncomb'd ſnakes that wind
About their ſhady browes in wanton Rings.
Thus reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes
His Scepter and himſelfe both he diſdaines.

Diſdaínefull wretch! how hath one bold ſinne
  Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eye:
How hath one black Eclipſe cancell'd, and croſ
  The Glories that did Gild thee in thy Riſe?
Proud Morning of a perverſe Day! how loſt
  Art thou unto thy ſelfe, thou too ſelfe-wiſe
Narciſſus? fooliſh Phaeton? who for all
Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'ſt but a flaming f

From Death's ſad ſhades to the Life-breathing A
  This mortall Enemy to mankinds good,
Lifts his Malignant Eyes, waſted with care,
  To become beautifull in humane blood.
Where Iordan melts his Chryſtall, to make fair
  The fields of Paleſtine, with ſo pure a flood,
    There does he fixe his Eyes: and there d
    New matter, to make good his great ſuſpe

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what ſpa
  Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire:
Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke
  Sibills divining leaves: he does enquire
Into th' old Prophefies, trembling to marke
  How many preſent prodigies conſpire,
    To crowne their paſt predictions, both he
    Together, in his pondrous mind both wei

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he ſaw
  To a poore Galilean virgin ſent:
How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what
  Immortall flowers to her faire hand preſent.

He ſaw th' old Hebrewes wombe, neglect the Law
Of Age and Barenneſſe, and her Babe prevent
His birth, by his Devotion, who began
Betimes to be a Saint, before a Man.

He ſaw rich Nectar thawes releaſe the rigour
Of th' Icy North, from froſt-bount Atlas hands
His Adamantine fetters fall: green vigour
Gladding the Scythian Rocks, and Libian ſands.
He ſaw a vernall ſmile, ſweetly disfigure
Winters ſad face, and through the flowry lands
Of faire Engaddi hony-ſweating Fountaines
With Manna, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Mountaines.

He ſaw how in that bleſt Day-bearing Night,
The Heav'n-rebuked ſhades made haſt away;
How bright a Dawne of Angels with new Light
Amaz'd the midnight world, and made a Day
Of which the Morning knew not: Mad with ſpight
He markt how the poore Shepheards ran to pay
Their ſimple Tribute to the Babe, whoſe Birth
Was the great buſineſſe both of Heav'n and Earth.

He ſaw a threefold Sun, with rich encreaſe,
Make proud the Ruby portalls of the Eaſt.
He ſaw the Temple ſacred to ſweet Peace,
Adore her Princes Birth, flat on her Breſt.
He ſaw the falling Idolls, all confeſſe
A comming Deity. He ſaw the Neſt

Of poiſ'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-nurſt;
Toucht with the worlds true Antidote to burſt.

He ſaw Heav'n bloſſome with a new-borne light,
On which, as on a glorious ſtranger gaz'd
The Golden eyes of Night: whoſe Beame made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,
(Nor aſkt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.
By whom (as Heav'ns illuſtrious Handmaid) raiſ'd,
Three Kings or what is more, three Wiſe men went
Weſtward to find the Worlds true Orient.

Strucke with theſe great concurrences of things,
Symptomes ſo deadly, unto Death and him;
Faine would he have forgot what fatall ſtrings,
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.
He ſhooke himſelfe, and ſpread his ſpatious wings:
Which like two Boſom'd ſailes embrace the dimme
Aire, with a diſmall ſhade, but all in vaine,
Of ſturdy Adamant is his ſtrong chaine.

While thus Heav'ns higheſt counſails, by the low
Footſteps of their Effects, he trac'd too well,
He toſt his troubled eyes, Embers that glow
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for Hell.
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed Brow,
And gave a gaſtly ſhreeke, whoſe horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of Night,
The while his twiſted Tayle he gnaw'd for ſpight.

Yet on the other ſide, faine would he ſtart
  Above his feares, and thinke it cannot be.
He ſtudies Scripture, ſtrives to ſound the heart,
  And feele the pulſe of every Prophecy.
He knows but knowes not how or by what Art,
  The Heav'n expecting Ages, hope to ſee
A Mighty Babe whoſe pure, unſpotted Birth,
From a chaſt Virgin wombe, ſhould bleſs the Earth.

But theſe vaſt Myſteries his ſenſes ſmother,
  And Reaſon (for what's Faith to him?) devoure.
How ſhe that is a maid ſhould prove a Mother,
  Yet keepe inviolate her virgin flower;
How Gods eternall Sonne ſhould be mans Brother,
  Poſeth his proudeſt Intellectuall power.
    How a pure Spirit ſhould incarnate bee,
    And life it ſelfe weare Deaths fraile Livery.

That the Great Angell-blinding light ſhould ſhrinke
  His blaze, to ſhine in a poore Shepherds eye.
That the unmeaſur'd God ſo low ſhould ſinke,
  As Prif'ner in a few poore Rags to lye.
That from His Mothers Breſt He milke ſhould drinke,
  Who feeds with Nectar Heav'ns faire family.
    That a vile Manger His low Bed ſhould prove,
    Who in a Throne of ſtars Thunders above.

That He whom the Sun ſerves, ſhould faintly peepe
  Through clouds of Infant fleſh: that He the old

Eternall Word ſhould be a Child, and weep
That He who made the fire, ſhould feare t
That Heav'ns high Majeſty His Court ſhoul
In a clay-cottage, by each blaſt control'd.
That Glories ſelf ſhould ſerve our Griefs, and
And free Eternity, ſubmit to yeares.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,
Should bleed in His owne lawes obedienc
And to the circumciſing Knife deliver
Himſelfe, the forfet of His ſlaves offence.
That the unblemiſht Lambe, bleſſed for ever
Should take the marke of ſin, and paine of
Theſe are the knotty Riddles, whoſe dark
Intangles his loſt Thoughts, paſt getting
Richard Cra
(From Marino's "Soſpetto di F

VII.

"Church Bells."

WAKE me to night, my mother dea
That I may hear
The Chriſtmas Bells, ſo ſoft and
To high and low glad tidings tell
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son

o undo what we had done,
ıod the Paraclete,
ı the chaſte womb framed the Babe ſo ſweet,
er and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

ne, that I the twelvemonth long
ar the ſong
with me in the world's throng;
eaſured joys of Chriſtmas tide
ith mine hour of gloom abide;
ıriſtmas carol ring
ı my heart, when I would ſing;
: the twelve good days
.eſt yield of duteous love and praiſe,
ıg happy months and hallowing common ways.

ne again, my mother dear,
may hear
al of the departing year.
I love, the ſtep of Time
move to that familiar chime:
l the tones that ſteep
ld Year in the dews of ſleep,
ew guide ſoftly in
opes to ſweet ſad memories akin!
ıay that ſoothing cadence ear, heart, conſcience
win.

John Keble.

Chriſtmas Tyde.

Part I.

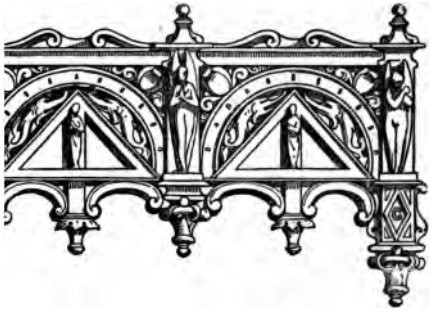
The Advent of our Bleſſed Lord.

Behold, a virgin ſhall conceive,
And bear a ſon,
And ſhall call his name Immanuel.

Iſaiah vii. 14.

Now the birth of Jeſus Chriſt was on this wiſe:
When as his mother Mary was eſpouſed to Joſeph,
Before they came together,
She was found with child of the Holy Ghoſt.
Then Joſeph her huſband, being a juſt man,
And not willing to make her a publick example,
Was minded to put her away privily.
But while he thought on theſe things,
Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him,
In a dream, ſaying, Joſeph, thou ſon of David,
Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife:
For that which is conceived in her
Is of the Holy Ghoſt.

St. Mat. i. 18—20.



Christmas Tyde.

'he Annunciation of the Bleſſed Virgin Mary."

H! Thou who deign'ſt to ſympathize
With all our frail and fleſhly ties,
Maker yet Brother dear,
Forgive the too preſumptuous thought,
calming wayward grief, I ſought
To gaze on Thee too near.

t ſure 'twas not preſumption, Lord,
was Thine own comfortable word
That made the leſſon known:
'all the dearest bonds we prove,
ıou counteſt ſons' and mothers' love
Moſt ſacred, moſt Thine own.

When wandering here a little ſpan,
Thou took'ſt on Thee to reſcue man,
Thou hadſt no earthly fire:
That wedded love we prize ſo dear,
As if our heaven and home were here,
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no ſweet ſiſter's faithful breaſt
Would'ſt Thou Thine aching forehead reſt,
On no kind brother lean:
But who, O perfect filial heart,
E'er did like Thee a true ſon's part,
Endearing, firm, ſerene?

Thou wept'ſt, meek maiden, mother mild,
Thou wept'ſt upon thy ſinleſs Child,
Thy very heart was riven:
And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy ſorrows bought too dear
By all on this ſide Heaven?

A Son that never did amiſs,
That never ſham'd His mother's kiſs,
Nor croſſ'd her fondeſt prayer:
Even from the tree He deign'd to bow
For her His agonized brow,
Her, His ſole earthly care.

Ave Maria! bleſſed Maid!
Lily of Eden's fragrant ſhade,
Who can expreſs the love

urtur'd thee ſo pure and ſweet,
; thy heart a ſhelter meet
For Jeſus' holy Dove?

aria! Mother bleſt,
om careſſing and careſſ'd,
Clings the Eternal Child;
'd beyond Archangels' dream,
firſt on thee with tendereſt gleam
Thy new-born Saviour ſmil'd:—

Iaria! thou whoſe name
t adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy ſhrine;
e, thy Son and Saviour, vows
wn all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine.

l is the womb that bare Him—bleſſ'd
oſom where His lips were preſſ'd,
But rather bleſſ'd are they
hear His word and keep it well,
ving homes where Chriſt ſhall dwell,
And never paſs away.

John Keble.

II.

" The Annunciation."

INTO the muſick of the ſpheares
Let men, and Angels joyn in conſ
theirs.
So great a meſſenger
From heav'n to earth
Is ſeldome ſeen
Attir'd in ſo much glory:
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory.
This by a double right, if any, may
Be truly ſtyl'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er coſt
So deer by much, as to redeeme it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraightway
So as He ſaw it good:
But ere that He could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood,
His wiſdom, with His mercy, for mans ſake,
Againſt His juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this dayes newes
Able the meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,*
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb
A ſonne ſhe ſhould
Conceive and beare,
As ſure as God was true.
Such high place in His favour ſhe poſſeſſed,
Being among all women bleſſed.

But bleſt eſpecially in this,
That ſhe beleev'd, and for eternal bliſſe
Reli'd on Him, whom ſhe
Her ſelf ſhould beare,
And her own ſonne
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they heare,
As ſhe had done
Suit their behaviour,
They may be bleſſed, as ſhe was, and ſay
'Tis their Annunciation day.

Chriſtopher Harvey.

* "Muſe, contemplate"—
See Dr. Richardſon's Engliſh Dictionary.

III.

"The Annunciation of Mary."

Song III.

[illegible] God, encline,
[illegible] affection to embrace
[illegible] of Thine,
[illegible] vouchsafed was.

[illegible] put on,
[illegible] Nature Thou were clad,
[illegible] done,
[illegible] praise Thee, and be glad.

For Thou not onely beldst it meet,
To send an Angell from above,
An humble Maide on earth to greet,
And bring the Meſſage of Thy love;
But, laying (as it were) aide
Thoſe glories none can comprehend,
(Nor any mortal eies abide)
Into her Wombe Thou didſt deſcend.

Beſtow thou alſo Thy reſpect,
On our deſpiſ'd and low degree;
[illegible] oh, doe not us neglect,
[illegible] worthy of contempt we be.

ıt through Thy Meſſengers prepare,
And hallow ſo our hearts, we pray,
'hat (Thou conceived being there)
The Fruites of Faith bring forth we may.

George Wither.

IV.

" Joſephs Amazement."

WHEN Chriſt by growth
diſcloſed His deſcent,
Into the pure receipt
of Maries breſt;
Poore Joſeph, ſtranger yet
to Gods intent,
With doubts of jealous thoughts
was ſore oppreſt:
And wrought with divers fits
of feare and love,
He neither can her free,
nor faulty prove.

Now ſince the wakefull ſpy
of jealous minde,
By ſtrong conjectures
deemeth her defil'd,
But love, in doome of things
beſt loved blinde,
Thinkes rather ſenſe deceivd,
than her with childe:

Yet proofes ſo pregnant were,
  that no pretence
Could cloake a thing
  ſo cleare and plaine to ſenſe.

Then Joſeph daunted
  with a deadly wound,
Let looſe the reines
  of undeſerved griefe;
His heart did throb,
  his eyes in teares were drownd,
His life a loſſe,
  death ſeem'd his beſt releeſe:
The pleaſing reliſh
  of his former love,
In gauliſh thoughts
  to bitter taſte doth prove.

One foot he often
  ſetteth out of doore,
But th' other loath
  uncertaine wayes to tread;
He takes his fardell
  for his needful ſtore,
He caſts his Inne
  where firſt he meanes to bed:
But ſtill ere he
  can frame his feet to goe,
Love winneth time,
  till all conclude in no.

Sometimes griefe adding force
  he doth depart,
He will againſt his will
  keepe on his pace:
But ſtraight remorſe
  ſo rackes his raging heart,
That haſting thoughts
  yeeld to a pauſing pace:
Then mighty reaſons
  preſſe him to remaine,
She whom he flies
  doth win him home againe.

But when his thought
  by ſight of his abode,
Preſents the ſigne
  of miſeſteemed ſhame,
Repenting every ſtep
  that backe he trode,
Teares done, the guide,
  the tongue, the feet do blame:
Thus warring with himſelfe,
  a field he fights,
Where every wound
  upon the giver lights.

And was (quoth he)
  my love ſo lightly priſ'd,
Or was our ſacred league
  ſo ſoone forgot?

Could vowes be void,
  could vertues be deſpis'd;
Could ſuch a ſpouſe,
  be ſtain'd with ſuch a ſpot?
O wretched Joſeph,
  that hath liv'd ſo long,
Of faithful love
  to reape ſo grievous wrong!

Could ſuch a worme
  breed in ſo ſweet a Wood?
Could in ſo chaſt demeanure
  lurke untruth?
Could vice lye hid
  where Vertues image ſtood?
Where hoary ſageneſſe
  graced tender youth?
Where can affiance reſt,
  to reſt ſecure?
In vertues faireſt ſeat,
  faith is not ſure.

All proofes did promiſe hope
  a pledge of grace,
Whoſe good might have
  repay'd the deepeſt ill:
Sweet ſignes of pureſt thoughts
  in Saintly face,
Aſſur'd the eie
  of her unſtained will.

Yet in this ſeeming luſtre
  ſeeme to lye
Such crimes, for which
  the law condemnes to dye.

But Joſephs word
  ſhall never worke her woe,
I wiſh her leave to live,
  not doome to dye;
Though fortune mine,
  yet am I not her foe,
She to her ſelfe
  leſſe loving is than I.
The moſt I will,
  the leaſt I can is this,
Sith none may ſalve,
  to ſhun that is amiſſe.

Exile my home,
  the wildes ſhall be my walke,
Complaint my joy,
  my muſicke mourning layes;
With penſive griefes
  in ſilence will I talke:
Sad thoughts ſhall be
  my guides in ſorrowes waies.
This courſe beſt ſures
  the care of careleſſe minde,
That ſeekes to loſe,
  what moſt it joy'd to finde.

Like ſtocked tree
  whoſe branches all doe fade,
Whoſe leaves doe fall,
  and periſht fruit decay;
Like herbe that growes
  in cold and barren ſhade,
Where darkneſſe drives
  all quickning heat away:
So die muſt I,
  cut from my root of joy,
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades
  of deepe annoy.

But who can flie
  from that his heart doth feele?
What change of place
  can change implanted paine?
Removing moves
  no hardneſſe from the ſteele.
Sicke hearts, that ſhift no fits,
  ſhift roomes in vaine:
Where thought can ſee,
  what helpes the cloſed eye?
Where heart purſues,
  What gaines the foot to flie?

Yet did I tread a maze
  of doubtfull end;
I goe, I come,
  ſhe drawes, ſhe drives away,

She wounds, ſhe heales,
ſhe doth both marre and mend,
She makes me ſeeke,
and ſhun, depart, and ſtay:
She is a friend to love,
a foe to loath,
And in ſuſpence
I hang betweene them both.

Robert Southwell.

V.

"Luke i."

Magnificat.

MY raviſht ſoule extols His Name,
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame:
My Spirit, with exalted Voice,
In God my Saviour ſhall rejoice:
Who hath His glorious Beames diſplayd,
Upon a poore and humble Maid.
Me all ſucceeding Ages ſhall
The bleſſed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity paſt humane thought.
His Mercy ſtill reflects and thoſe,
Who in His Truth their Truſt repoſe.
He with His Arme hath Wonders ſhowne:
The Proud in their owne pride ore-throwne;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects;
The Lowly from the duſt erects.

The Hungry are His welcome Guests;
The Rich excluded from His Feasts.
He mindfull of His Promise, hath
Maintain'd, and crowned Israels faith:
To Abraham promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

George Sand

VI.

"Festival Hymnes."

"Hymns for Advent, or the weeks immediat before the birth of our blessed Saviour."

WHEN Lord, O when shall we
Our Dear Salvation see?
Arise, arise,
Our fainting eyes
Have long'd all night, and twas a long one too
Man never yet could say
He saw more then one day,
One day of Edens seven:
The guilty hour there blasted with the breath
Of sin and deat
Hath ever since worn a nocturnal hue.
But Thou hast given us hopes that we
At length another day shall see,
Wherein each vile neglected place,
Gilt with the aspect of Thy face,
Shall be like that, the porch, and Gate of Heav

How long, dear God, how long!
See how the Nations throng:
All humane kinde
Knit and combin'd
into one body, look for Thee their Head.
Pity our multitude,
Lord we are vile and rude,
Heedleſs and ſenſleſs without Thee,
Of all things but the want of Thy bleſt face,
O haſte apace;
And Thy bright ſelfe to this our body wed,
That through the influx of Thy power,
Each part that er'ſt confuſion wore
May put on order, and appear
Spruce as the childhood of the year,
When Thou to it ſhall ſo united be. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor.

VII.

"Carol for Chriſtmas-Eve."

PART I.

THE ſun ſets brightly in the ſea,
Foreknowing what his morn ſhall be,
And dreams throughout the dawning night
Of riſing on the Source of Light.
Born with Creation, he muſt wane
When Eden is revealed again;
Now is his manhood's luſty prime,
The noon and triumphing of Time.

The day has ended mild and calm,
The ſea-wind ſcarcely ſways the palm;
The olive trees beneath the hill
Sleep in its folding, huſh'd and ſtill.

Above, the Towers of Bethlehem
Fade in the night that falls on them:
Yet hold in guard the rocky ſteep,
Which Rehoboam bade them keep.

They overlook the lengthening vale,
That ſtretches to the Dead Sea pale,
And far beyond to Eaſtern plains,
Where Ammon now no longer reigns.

Oh! city ſmall, 'mid Juda's hoſt,
Now growing to her crown and boaſt,
How high at morn thy head ſhall be,
For Earth ſhall bow to hallow thee.

The land of God, His people's home,
Is captive to Imperial Rome;
Necks that were proud of David's ſway
Have ſtoop'd to Cæſar, and obey.

The Tribes, that did together meet
To ſerve their God with joyful feet,
Are ordered home at Cæſar's word,
And taxed by a foreign lord.

Joſeph, a man in lowly life,
With Mary, his eſpouſed wife,
Had travell'd far to Bethlehem;
A branch was he of David's ſtem.

No place for ſuch of ſmall degree
Could in that crowded city be;
And even at the lonely inn
No room could they, no welcome, win.

So where the Cattle reſt at night,—
(Oh! happy they to ſee ſuch ſight)
Poor in all elſe but love and grace,
The Virgin had her dwelling-place.

She ſits beſide the porch of ſtone;
With golden blue the evening ſhone;
The timid ſtars come, one by one,
Incredulous that day was done.

Well Mary knew their forms on high,
And loved their gentle company,
When Joſeph led the nightly way
From Nazareth, and ſhunn'd the day.

Then had their light on Tabor ſhone,
And lit the wide Eſdraelon;
They ſeemed to crown Samaria yet,
And Zion's brow in jewels ſet.

Their rays fell ſad from Rachels tomb,
Where heavily the dews had come
From Rephidim's unſheltered plain—
Or had the Mother wept again?

While Mary watches by the door,
Behold! a ſtar unknown before
Mounts ſlowly up the weſtern ſky;
And then ſhe knows her hour is nigh.

Like John the Baptiſt's early word,
Which roſe before, and with, his Lord,
That ſtar, which goes before His face,
Doth preach His beauty, light, and grace.

The Virgin lifts her hands above,
Her eyes are tears, her heart is love;
She ſees the joy ſhe could believe,
And prays the prayer of Chriſtmas Eve.

Oh God, my ſoul is low,
  And faint my heart and breath;
The future is a weight of woe,
  And preſſes me, like death.

I ſee Thine Iſrael, Lord,
  Their ſorrow and unreſt:
I feel the anguiſh of the ſword
  That wounds a mother's breaſt.

I ſee th' Immortal die,—
  A God that will not ſave—
I ſee the Majeſty on high
  Laid in a lowly grave.

Oh Lord! reveal Thy power,
  And undertake for me;
My ſoul's in travail at this hour,
  And yet is ſtaid on Thee.

Rich. E. A. Townſend.

Part II.

The Birth of our Bleſſed Lord.

(Chriſtmas Day.

Sunday after Chriſtmas.)

And Joſeph alſo went up from Galilee,
Out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea,
Unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem,
Becauſe he was of the houſe and lineage of David:
To be taxed with Mary his eſpouſed wife,
Being great with child.
And ſo it was, that while they were there,
The days were accompliſhed
That ſhe ſhould be delivered.
And ſhe brought forth her firſt-born ſon,
And wrapped him in ſwaddling clothes,
And laid him in a manger.

St. Luke ii. 4—7.

Part II.

:he Morning of Chrift's Nativity."

I.

HIS is the Month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
o the holy Sages once did ſing,
e our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
th His father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

orious Form, that Light unſufferable,
that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty,
vith He wont at Heav'n's high Councel-Table,
t the midſt of Trinal Unity,
iid aſide; and here with us to be,
the Courts of everlaſting Day,
oſe with us a darkſom Houſe of mortal Clay.

III.

Say, Heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy ſacred vein
  Afford a Preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no verſe, no hymn, or ſolemn ſtrein,
  To welcome Him to this His new abode,
  Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team un
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadr
    bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern rode
  The Star-led Wiſards haſte with odours ſwe
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
  And lay it lowly at His bleſſed feet;
  Have thou the honour firſt, thy Lord to gre
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out His ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd

"The Hymn."

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
  While the Heav'n-born-childe,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger
  Nature in awe to Him
  Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinfull blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded that her Makers eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But He her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace,
She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly ſliding
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She ſtrikes a univerſal Peace through Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels ſound
Was heard the World around
The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed throng,
And Kings ſat ſtill with awfull eye,
As if they ſurely knew their ſovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whift,
Smoothly the waters kift,
Whifpering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm fit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ftedfaft gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himfelf befpake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the fhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himfelf with-held his wonted fpeed,
And hid his head for fhame,
As his inferiour flame
The new enlighten'd world no more fhould need;
He faw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat ſimply chatting in a ruſtick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſie keep.

IX.

When ſuch muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their ſouls in bliſsfull rapture took:
The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's ſeat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night array
The helmed Cherubim
And ſworded Seraphim,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplaid,
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'n's new-born He

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel ke

XIII.

Ring out, ye Cryſtal ſphears,
Once bleſs our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Baſe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full conſort to th' Angelike ſymphony.

XIV.

ſuch holy Song
p our fancy long,
l run back, and fetch the age of Gold,
eckl'd vanity
:ken ſoon and die,
ɔus ſin will melt from earthly mould,
it ſelf will paſs away,
: her dolorous manſions to the peering day.

XV.

·uth, and Juſtice then
ɔwn return to men,
a Rain-bow; and, like glories wearing
will ſit between,
d in Celeſtial ſheen,
ant feet the tiſſued clouds down ſtearing,
ɾ'n, as at ſome Feſtivall,
wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

XVI.

èſt Fate ſayes no,
uſt not yet be ſo,
lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
ı the bitter croſs
deem our loſs;
[imſelf and us to glorifie:
ı thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
ful trump of doom muſt thunder through
: deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds out bn
The aged Earth agaſt,
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the ſurface to the center ſhake;
When at the worlds laſt ſeſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air ſhall ſpread I
throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfet is,
But now begins; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs through the arched roof in words deceivin
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow ſhreik the ſteep of Delphos leaving
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell,
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophetic

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent,
With flowre-inwov'n treſſes torn
The Nimphs in twilight ſhade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI.

In conſecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the Flamins at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill Marble ſeems to ſweat,
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted ſeat.

XXII.

Peor, and Baalim,
Forſake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd God of Paleſtine,
And mooned Aſhtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now ſits not girt with Tapers holy ſhine,
The Libyc Hammon ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the griſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh Gods of Nile as faſt,
Iſis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haſt.

XXIV.

Nor is Oſiris ſeen
In Memphian Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unſhowr'd Graſs with lowings
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt,
Nought but profoundeſt Hell can be his ſhrou
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The ſable-ſtoled Sorcerers bear his worſhipt A

XXV.

He feels from Juda's Land
The dredded Infants hand,
The rayes of Bethlehem blind his duſky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe, to ſhow His Godhead true,
Can in His ſwadling bands controul the damned

XXVI.

› when the Sun in bed,
ırtain'd with cloudy red,
ws his chin upon an Orient wave,
he flocking ſhadows pale,
roop to th' infernal Jail,
. fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
the yellow-ſkirted Fayes,
ıfter the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze.

XXVII.

ıt ſee the Virgin bleſt,
ath laid her Babe to reſt.
ε is our tedious Song ſhould here have ending:
eav'ns youngeſt teemed Star,
ath fixt her poliſht Car,
ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending:
all about the Courtly Stable,
ıt-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

John Milton.

II.

Mercies Song.

WHO can forget, never to be forgot,
The time, that all the world in ſlumber lies,
When, like the ſtarres, the ſinging Angels ſhot
arth, and heav'n awaked all his eyes,

To ſee another Sunne, at midnight riſe,
On earth? was never ſight of pareil fam
For God Himſelfe now like a mortall m

A Child He was, and had not learn't to
That with His word the world before di
His Mothers armes Him bore, He was ſ
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n c
See how ſmall room my infant Lord dot
Whom all the world is not enough to ho
Who of His yeares, or of His age hath t
Never ſuch age ſo young, never a Child

And yet but newely He was infanted,
And yet alreadie He was ſought to die,
Yet ſcarcely borne, alreadie baniſhed,
Not able yet to goe, and forc't to flie,
But ſcarcely fled away, when by and by,
The Tyrans ſword with blood is all defil
And Rachel, for her ſonnes with furie wi
Cries, O thou cruell King, and O my ſw

Egypt His Nource became, whear Nilus
Who ſtreit, to entertaine the riſing ſunne
The haſty harveſt in his boſome brings;
But now for drieth the fields wear all un
And now with waters all is overrunne,
So faſt the Cynthian mountaines powr'd t
When once they felt the ſunne ſo neere t
That Nilus Egypt loſt, and to a ſea did

Angels caroll'd lowd their ſong of peace,
curſed Oracles wear ſtrucken dumb,
e their Sheapheards, the poore Sheapheards preſs,
:e their King, the Kingly Sophies come,
them to guide unto His Maſters home,
ırre comes dauncing up the orient,
ſprings for ioye over the ſtrawy tent,
ır gold, to make their Prince a crowne, they all
preſent.

g John, glad child, before he could be borne,
t in the woombe, his ioy to prophecie,
Anna though with age all ſpent, and worne,
aimes her Saviour to poſteritie,
Simeon faſt his dying notes doeth plie.
ow the bleſſed ſoules about him trace.
:he fire of heav'n thou doeſt embrace,
Simeon, ſing, ſing Simeon, ſing apace.

that the mightie thunder dropt away
Gods unwarie arme, now milder growne,
melted into teares, as if to pray
ardon, and for pittie, it had knowne,
ſhould have been for ſacred vengeance throwne:
:to the Armies Angelique devo'wd
· former rage, and all to Mercy bo'wd,
· broken weapons at her feet they gladly ſtrow'd.

, bring ye Graces all your ſilver flaſkets,
:d with every choiceſt flowre that growes,

That I may ſoone unflow'r your fragrant baſket:
To ſtrowe the fields with odours whear He goe
Let what ſo e're He treads on be a roſe.
So downe ſhee let her eyelids fall, to ſhine
Upon the rivers of bright Paleſtine,
Whoſe woods drop honie, and her rivers ſkip v
wine. *Giles Fletche*

III.

" The Nativity, or Chriſtmas Day.

UNFOLD thy face, unmaſk thy ray,
Shine forth bright ſunne, double the
Let no malignant miſty ſume,
Nor foggy vapour, once preſume
To interpoſe thy perfect ſight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better that we could
That bleſſed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And center of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treaſure
Unconfined without meaſure,
Whoſe center, and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,
And infinite in each reſpect,
Is equally both here, and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where,

And alwayes, one, Himſelf, the ſame,
A being far above a name.
Draw neerer then, and freely powre
Forth all thy light into that how'r,
Which was crowned with His birth,
And made heaven envy earth.
Let not His birthday clowded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

Chriſtopher Harvey.

IV.

"The Nativity."

PEACE! and to all the world! Sure One
And He the Prince of peace, hath none!
He travails to be born, and then
Is born to travail more again.
Poor Galilee, Thou can'ſt not be
The place for His nativity.
His reſtleſs mother's called away,
And not delivered till ſhe pay.

A Tax! 'tis ſo ſtill. We can ſee
The church thrive in her miſery,
And, like her Head at Bethlehem, riſe,
When ſhe oppreſſed with troubles lyes.
Riſe?—Should all fall we cannot be
In more extremities than He.
Great Type of paſſions! Come what will,
Thy grief exceeds all copies ſtill.

Thou cam'ſt from Heaven to Earth, that we
Might go from earth to Heaven with Thee
And though Thou found'ſt no welcome her
Thou didſt provide us manſions there.
A ſtable was Thy Court, and when
Men turned to beaſts, beaſts would be men:
They were Thy courtiers; others none;
And their poor manger was Thy throne.
No ſwadling ſilks Thy limbs did fold,
Though Thou could'ſt turn Thy rags to gol
No Rockers waited on Thy birth,
No cradles ſtirred, nor ſongs of mirth;
But her chaſte lap and ſacred breaſt,
Which lodged Thee firſt, did give Thee reſt

But ſtay! what light is that doth ſtream
And drop here in a gilded beam?
It is Thy ſtar runs page, and brings
Thy tributary Eaſtern Kings.
Lord! grant ſome light to us; that we,
May find with them the way to Thee.
Behold what miſts eclipſe the day!
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,
To guide us out of this dark night,
And ſay once more, "Let there be light!"

Henry Vaugha

V.

"Feſtival Hymnes."

Hymns for Chriſtmas Day.

I.

MYSTERIOUS truth! that the ſelf ſame ſhould be
A Lamb, a Shepherd, and a Lion too!
Yet ſuch was He
Whom firſt the Shepherds knew,
When they themſelves became
Sheep to the Shepherd Lambe.
Shepherd of Men and Angels, Lamb of God,
Lion of Judah, by theſe Titles keep
The Wolf from Thy indangered Sheep.
Bring all the world unto Thy Fold,
Let Jews and Gentiles hither come
In numbers great that can't be told,
And call Thy Lambs that wander, home.
Glory be to God on high,
All glories be to th' glorious Deity.

Jeremy Taylor.

VI.

" The ſecond Hymn; being a Dial between three Shepherds."

I.

WHERE is this bleſſed Babe
That hath made
All the world ſo full of joy
And expectation;
That glorious boy
That crowns each Nation
With a triumphant wreath of bleſſedneſs?

2.

Where ſhould He be but in the throng,
And among
His Angel Miniſters, that ſing
And take wing
Juſt as may Echo to His Voyce,
And rejoyce,
When wing, and tongue and all
May ſo procure their happineſs?

3.

But He hath other Waiters now,
A poor Cow,
And Ox and Mule, ſtand and behold,
And wonder,

at a ſtable ſhould enfold
n that can thunder.

CHORUS.

what a gracious God have we?
w good, how great! even as our miſery.

Jeremy Taylor.

VII.

The third Hymn: Of Chriſts birth in an Inne."

THE bleſſed Virgin travail'd without pain,
And lodged in an Inne,
A glorious Star the ſign
But of a greater gueſt than ever came that way,
For there He lay
is the God of Night and Day,
over all the pow'rs of heav'n doth reign.
the time of great Auguſtus Tax,
And then He comes
That pays all ſums,
the whole price of loſt humanity,
And ſet us free
And from the ungodly Emperie
n, of Satan, and of Death.
ke our hearts, bleſt God, Thy lodging place,

And in our breſt
Be pleaſ'd to reſt,
For Thou lov'ſt Temples better than an Inne,
And cauſe that ſin
May not profane the Deity within,
And ſully o're the ornaments of Grace. Amen.

Jeremy Taylor.

VIII.

" A Hymne for Chriſtmas Day."

4.

AWAKE my ſoul, and come away
Put on thy beſt aray,
Leaſt if thou longer ſtay
Thou looſe ſome minitts of ſo bleſt a day.

Go, Run and bid good morrow to the Sun
Welcome his ſafe return to Capricorn,
And that great morne
Wherein a God was borne,
Whoſe ſtory none can tell
But He whoſe every word's a Miracle.

To day Almightineſs grew weak
The world it ſelfe was mute
And could not ſpeak.

That Jacob's Star, which made the Sun
To dazle if he durſt look on,

Now mantled ore in Bethlems night
Borrow'd a Star to ſhew Him light.
He that begirt each Zone
To whom both Poles are one,
Who graſp't the Zodiack in 's hand
And made it move or ſtand,
Is now by Nature man
By ſtature but a ſpan,
Eternitie is now grown ſhort
A King is borne without a Court,
The water thirſts, the Fountains dry
And life being borne made apt to dye.

CHORUS.

Then let our prayſes Emulate and vie
with His humilitie,
Since Hee's exil'd from ſkeyes
That we might Riſe:
From low eſtate of men
Let's ſing Him up agen.
Each man winde up 's heart
to bear a part
In that Angelick Quire, And ſhow
His glory high, as He was low.
Let's ſing t'wards men Good wil, and Charity,
Peace upon earth, Glory to God on High.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Jeremy Taylor.

IX.

" The Angels for the Nativitie our Lord."

RUNNE Sheepheards, run where Be
bleſt appeares,
Wee bring the beſt of newes, bee
may'd,
A Saviour there is borne, more olde than ye
Amidſt Heavens rolling hights this Earth who
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide
A weakling did Him beare, who all upbeares
There is Hee poorelie ſwadl'd, in Manger la
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Sph
Runne, Sheepheards, runne, and ſolemnize Hi
This is that Night, no, Day growne great witl
In which the power of Sathan broken is,
In Heaven bee glorie, Peace unto the Earth.
Thus ſinging through the Aire the Angels
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the ſame.

William Drumm

X.

" For the Nativitie of our Lo

THAN the faireſt Day, thrice fa
Night!
Night to beſt Dayes in which a
doth riſe,
Of which that golden Eye, which cleares th

Is but a ſparkling Ray, a Shadow light:
And bleſſed yee, in ſillie Paſtors ſight,
Milde Creatures, in whoſe warme Cribe now lyes
That Heaven-ſent Yongling, holie-Maid-borne Wight,
Midſt, end, beginning of our Prophesies:
Bleſt Cotage that hath Flowres in Winter ſpred,
Though withered bleſſed Graſſe, that hath the grace
To decke, and bee a Carpet to that Place.

Thus ſang, unto the Soundes of oaten Reed,
Before the Babe, the Sheepheards bow'd on knees,
And Springs ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

William Drummond.

XI.

"Poems upon Chriſtmas-Day."

(7)

WHEN the great Lamp of Heaven, the Glorious Sun,
Had touch'd his Southern period, and begun
To leave the Winter Tropick, and to climb
The Zodiacks aſcending Signs, that time
The brighter Sun of Righteouſneſs did chooſe
His beams of Light and Glory to diſcloſe
To our dark lower world; and by thoſe Rays
To chace the Darkneſs, and to make it day.
And leſt the Glorious and Reſplendent Light
Of His Eternal Beam, might be too bright

For Mortals eyes to gaze upon; He ſhrouds
And cloaths His fiery Pillar with the Cloud
Of Humane Fleſh, that in that dreſs He may
Converſe with Men; acquaint them with the w
To Life and Glory; ſhew His Fathers mind
Concerning them, how Bountiful and Kind
His thoughts were to them; what they might ex
From Him in the Obſervance or Neglect
Of what He did require; and then He Seal'd
With His dear Blood, the Truth He had reveal

Matthew Hal

(9)

READER, the Title of this Solemn D
And what it doth import, doth bid ſtay,
And read, and wonder. 'Tis that Myſ
That Angels gaze upon; Divinity
Aſſuming Humane Fleſh; Th' Eternal Son
Of the Eternal God, is Man become.
But why this ſtrange Aſſumption? or what end
Equivalent, could make Him to deſcend
So far beneath Himſelf, and equalize
The Miracle of ſuch an enterprize?
Yet ſtay and wonder: Undeſerved Love
To Man, to ſinful Man, did only move
This ſtoop from Heaven to Earth, and all to wi
And reſcue loſt and fallen Man from Sin
And Guilt, and Death, and Hell; and re-inſtall
Him in that Happineſs loſt by His Fall,

greater, Everlaſtingly to dwell
eſſedneſs: So that thou canſt not tell
h of the two the greater Wonder proves,
Saviour's Incarnation, or His Love.
oth conclude thou doſt not give, but pay
bt, in the Obſervance of this Day.

Matthew Hale.

XII.

‘ Meſſiah, a ſacred Eclogue.”

E Nymphs of Solyma! begin the ſong:
To heav'nly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
The moſſy fountains and the ſylvan ſhades,
dreams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,
ht no more.—O Thou my voice inſpire,
touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
into future times, the Bard begun,
rgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
ſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies.
Æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
on its top deſcends the myſtic Dove.
Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
ſick and weak the healing plant ſhall aid,
ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.

All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fa
Returning Juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n deſcen
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious Babe, be born!
See Nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Saron riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives Him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies riſe:
With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear Him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis He th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear.
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame his crutch forego
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.

amantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
.e good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
freſheſt paſture, and the pureſt air,
›res the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
ıy o'erſees them, and by night protects;
tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
: from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
ſhall mankind His guardian care engage,
promiſ'd Father of the future age.
ıore ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
ıſeleſs lances into ſcythes ſhall bend,
the broad faulchion in a plough-ſhare end.
ı palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful Son
finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd Sire begun:
r vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurpriſe
Lillies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe,
ſtarts, amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
falls of water murm'ring in his ear:
ifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
e ſandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
ſpiry firr and ſhapely box adorn;
:afleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.

The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant
mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the Tyger lead;
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted Baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake;
Pleaſ'd the green luſtre of their ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue and pointleſs ſting ſhall
play.
Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn;
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe,
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate Kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold, in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the riſing Sun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn,
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays,
One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd and God's eternal day be thine!

ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
ks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
fix'd His word, His ſaving pow'r remains;
Realm for ever laſts, Thy own Meſſiah reigns.

Alexander Pope.

XIII.

The Deity and Humanity of Chriſt."

ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad,
From everlaſting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

y His own pow'r were all things made;
By Him ſupported all things ſtand;
[e is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.

re ſin was born or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of Thy years?)

ut lo! He leaves thoſe heav'nly forms;
The Word deſcends, and dwells in clay,
'hat He may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſt in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld His face,
  Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
  When thro' His eyes the Godhead ſhone!

Archangels leave their high abode,
  To learn new myſteries here, and tell
The love of our deſcending God,
  The glories of Immanuel.

Iſaac Watt

XIV.

"Jehovah Jeſus."

MY ſong ſhall bleſs the Lord of all,
  My praiſe ſhall climb to His abo
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
  The great, ſupreme, the mighty (

Without beginning or decline,
  Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw Him ſhine,
  He ſhines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,
  Almighty ruler of the ſky,
As when the ſix days' work He made
  Fill'd all the morning ſtars with joy.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
  Salvation is His dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased He hears,
  And owns Emmanuel for His name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,
  My well placed hopes with joy I see;
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,
  To worship Him who died for me.

As man He pities my complaint,
  His power and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, He cannot faint,
  Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

William Cowper.

XV.

VIRGIN born! we bow before Thee!
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Blessed was she in her child!

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!
Blessed was the hand that led Thee;
Blessed was the parent's eye
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy!

Blessed she by all creation,
Who brought forth the world's Salvation!
And blessed they, for ever blest,
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!

Virgin-born! we bow before Thee!
Bleſſed was the womb that bore Thee!
Mary, mother meek and mild,
Bleſſed was ſhe in her child!

Reginald Heber.

XVI.

FOR Thou wert born of Woman! Thou didſt come,
Oh Holieſt! to this world of ſin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders ſtrew'd
Was Thy tempeſtuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy way.
But Thee, a ſoft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to reſt
From off her virgin breaſt.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor ſtoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A ſingle ſilent ſtar
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid ſky;
The Eaſtern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours ſweet
Before Thy infant feet.

Earth and Ocean were not huſh'd to hear
: harmony from every ſtarry ſphere;
t Thy preſence brake the voice of ſong
all the cherub choirs,
eraphs' burning lyres
l thro' the hoſt of heaven the charmed clouds
along.
ngel troop the ſtrain began,
the race of man
ıple ſhepherds heard alone,
ſoft Hoſanna's tone.

Henry H. Milman.

Carols.

And ſuddenly there was with the angel
A multitude of the heavenly hoſt praiſing God and ſaying,
Glory to God in the higheſt, and on earth peace,
Goodwill towards men.

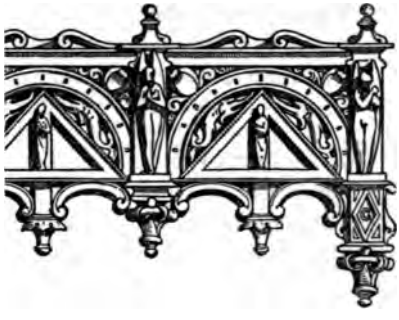
St. Luke. ii. 13, 14.

Speaking to yourſelves in pſalms and hymns
And ſpiritual ſongs,
Singing and making melody in your heart
To the Lord;
Giving thanks always for all things
Unto God and the Father
In the name of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.

Eph. v. 19, 20.

Is any merry? let him ſing pſalms.

James. v. 13.



Carols.

I.

ırol for Chriſtmas Day."

PART II.

ıL over were December's rains,
And graſs and herbs renew the plains:
The ſhepherds quit the hills, and keep
A watch around their feeding ſheep.

ppy toil which Abel knew,
Moſes loved, and David too!
ppy ſhepherds, favoured race!
irſt ſhall ſee a Saviour's face.

ncient world their wiſdom ſaw,
rule, and Patriarchal law:
ray paternal could not win
rayward heart, and ſave from ſin.

When the white fleece Aſſyria dyed
In human blood, and purple pride,
And changed the crook to heathen ſword
She fought and fell before the Lord.

Thus Egypt (with her Shepherd-kings)
Another curſe of ſorrow brings;
Land of the wiſe, the arts' abode,
She mocked, and rouſ'd, a jealous God.

At laſt when learned Greece and Rome
Yet wander'd wider ſtill from home,
And every courſe that man had tried
Was vainer vanity and pride;

Jehovah comes on earth to reign
To bring His people back again,
(A faithful ſhepherd) and atone,
Their lives redeeming with His own.

Now is the time ſo long foretold,
By prophets paſt, and ſaints of old;
Now dawns the Gentiles' new-born light,
And Iſrael's glory, broad and bright.

The angels, whoſe averted eyes
Had left a world which God defies,
Can ſee it now, through Chriſt forgiven,
A mirror of the love of Heaven.

The mother, ſhe had rocked to reſt
Her babe upon her ſleeping breaſt;

How peacefully that heart ſhould beat,
Which makes a Saviour's ſafe retreat.

She laid Him in a manger, ſwath'd;
Leſs glorious was the ſea, embath'd
In ſwaddling clouds of darkneſs, born
From mountains on creation's morn.

The angels, jealous of delight,
Adoring wait that wondrous ſight;
Then fly to miniſter to man
The tale of God's eternal plan.

Beneath a ſoft December ſky,
Where weſtern winds ſang ſweetly by,
Such as ſhould mix with ſtarry light,
Some ſhepherds kept their flocks by night.

When lo! an angel's there—the ſward
Glows with the glory of the Lord;
A ſpirit prieſt doth firſt proclaim
To lowlieſt men a Saviour's name.

And ſuddenly a chaunted hymn
Broke from the quiring Seraphim;
While made the ſymphony afar,
In mellowed tone, each morning ſtar.

"Glory to God on high! let peace,
Goodwill to man, and love increaſe;
The Lord is born a man on earth,
That man may know God's ſecond birth."

Now when the angels part from them
The ſhepherds haſte to Bethlehem;
They greet the man, and mother mild,
And kneel to kiſs the ſleeping child.

Then telling of the watch by night—
The angel form—the glory bright—
How unto them, to all, that morn,
A Saviour, Chriſt the Lord, is born,

They bend, and offer to their King
Themſelves, moſt precious offering,
And to make known theſe things depart;
While Mary hid them in her heart;

But in the ſilence of her ſoul
Her joy comes forth beyond controul,
And overflowing its abode
Is poured in ſolitude to God.

"Mary's Chriſtmas morning Hymn."

I FEEL no more the pain
  The future can beſtow;
My heart is full; each burſting vein
  Refuſes place to woe.

Creator, Father, Lord,
  I bleſs Thee, oh my God!
I cannot ſpeak or frame the word
  To think my thought abroad.

He, that my ſoul ſhall ſave,
  Hath claſp'd my neck, and ſmil'd—
He, that of old my being gave,
  And kept it, is my child.

I may enwrap and kiſs
  My babe, and charm to reſt,
Yet know the unimagined bliſs
  That God is by my breaſt.

Oh, this is life—and blind
  A mother's *once* may be;
Too happy in the joy I find,
  The reſt I leave with Thee.

Rich. E. A. Townſend.

II.

"Chriſtmas Day."

THOUGH rude winds uſher thee, ſweet day,
  Though clouds thy face deform,
Though nature's grace is ſwept away
  Before thy ſleety ſtorm;
E'en in thy ſombreſt wintry veſt,
Of bleſſed days thou art moſt bleſt.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn
  Shall check our jubilee;

Bright is the day when Chriſt was born,
  No ſun need ſhine but He;
Let rougheſt ſtorms their coldeſt blow,
With love of Him our hearts ſhall glow.

Inſpired with high and holy thought,
  Fancy is on the wing;
It ſeems as to mine ear it brought
  Thoſe voices carolling,
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,
Glory to God, good-will to man.

I ſee the ſhepherds gazing wild
  At thoſe fair ſpirits of light;
I ſee them bending o'er the child
  With that untold delight
Which marks the face of thoſe who view
Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,
  Incarnate God they ſee,
He ſtoops to take, through ſpotleſs maid,
  Our frail humanity;
Son of high God, creation's Heir,
He leaves His heaven to raiſe us there.

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,
  Thy children once again,
Oh, day by day our hearts renew,
  That Thine we may remain;

angel-like, may all agree,
ſweet and holy family.

s this joyous morn doth come
ſpeak our Saviour's love,
nay it bear our ſpirits home
here He now reigns above;
day which brought Him from the ſkies
an reſtores to Paradiſe.

let winds uſher thee, ſweet day,
t clouds thy face deform,
gh nature's grace is ſwept away
ſore thy fleety ſtorm;
in thy ſombreſt wintry veſt,
eſſed days thou art moſt bleſt.

Samuel Rickards.

III.

"Chriſtmas Caroll."

HARKE: heare you not a cheerefull Noyſe,
That makes Heavens-Vault, ring ſhrill
with joyes?
See; where, like Starres, bright Angels flye,
uſand heavenly Echoes cry.
they chaunt, that downe to Earth,
t Children heare their Mirth.

And ſing with them, what, none can ſay,
For joy their Prince is borne, this Day:
Their Prince, their God, like one of thoſe,
Is made a Child, and wrapt in Clothes.
All this is in Times fullneſſe done:
Wee, have a Saviour, God, a Sonne.
Heaven, Earth; Babes, Shepheards, Angels
Oh! never was ſuch Carrolling.
Harke; how they all ſing at His Birth,
Glory to God, and Peace on Earth.
Up then, my Soule, thy part deſire
And ſing, though but a Baſe, in this ſweet (

William A

IV.

"Chriſtmas Day."

WHAT ſudden blaze of ſong
Spreads o'er th' expanſe of H
In waves of light it thrills alon
Th' angelic ſignal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the ſtarry

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous ſound
Is echoed on for ever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
"And love towards men of love—ſalvation
leaſe."

ɩay before thou dare
o join that feſtal throng;
n and mark what gentle air
.rſt ſtirr'd the tide of ſong;
t " the Saviour born in David's home,
/hom for power and health obedient worlds
ſhould come:"—

not, " the Chriſt the Lord:"—
'ith fix'd adoring look
choir of Angels caught the word,
'or yet their ſilence broke:
en they heard the ſign, where Chriſt ſhould be,
len light they ſhone and heavenly harmony.

pp'd in His ſwaddling bands,
nd in His manger laid,
hope and glory of all lands
come to the world's aid:
.ceful home upon His cradle ſmil'd,
rudely went and came, where ſlept the royal
Child.

where Thou dwelleſt, Lord,
'o other thought ſhould be,
e duly welcom'd and ador'd,
'ow ſhould I part with Thee?
ıem muſt loſe Thee ſoon, but Thou wilt
grace
ıgle heart to be Thy ſure abiding place.

Thee, on the boſom laid
Of a pure virgin mind,
In quiet ever, and in ſhade,
Shepherd and ſage may find;
They, who have bow'd untaught to Nature's ſwa
And they, who follow Truth along her ſtar-pav'd wa

The paſtoral ſpirits firſt
Approach Thee, Babe divine,
For they in lowly thoughts are nurſ'd,
Meet for Thy lowly ſhrine:
Sooner than they ſhould miſs where Thou doſt dwe
Angels from Heaven will ſtoop to guide them to
Thy cell.

Still, as the day comes round
For Thee to be reveal'd,
By wakeful ſhepherds Thou art found,
Abiding in the field.
All through the wintry heaven and chill night air
In muſic and in light Thou dawneſt on their pray

O faint not ye for fear—
What though your wandering ſheep,
Recklefs of what they ſee and hear,
Lie loſt in wilful ſleep?
High Heaven in mercy to your ſad annoy
Still greets you with glad tidings of immortal joy.

Think on th' eternal home,
The Saviour left for you;

nk on the Lord moſt holy, come
'o dwell with hearts untrue:
ll ye tread untir'd His paſtoral ways,
ı the darkneſs ſing your carol of high praiſe.

John Keble.

V.

"A Chriſtmas Carol."

THE Shepherds went their haſty way,
And found the lowly ſtable-ſhed
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:
And now they checked their eager tread,
the Babe, that at her boſom clung,
:her's ſong the Virgin-Mother ſung.

told her how a glorious light,
aming from a heavenly throng,
d them ſhone, ſuſpending night!
ile ſweeter than a Mother's ſong,
ıngels heralded the Saviour's birth,
to God on high! and Peace on Earth.

tened to the tale divine,
l cloſer ſtill the Babe ſhe preſſed:
'hile ſhe cried, the Babe is mine!
milk ruſhed faſter to her breaſt:
'e within her, like a ſummer's morn;
Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace is born.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,
  Poor, ſimple, and of low eſtate!
That Strife ſhould vaniſh, Battle ceaſe,
  O why ſhould this thy ſoul elate?
Sweet Muſic's loudeſt note, the Poet's ſtory,—
Did'ſt thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and Glory?

And is not War a youthful King,
  A ſtately Hero clad in Mail?
Beneath his footſteps laurels ſpring;
  Him Earth's majeſtic monarchs hail
Their Friend, their Playmate! and his bold bright eye
Compels the maiden's love-confeſſing ſigh.

" Tell this in ſome more courtly ſcene,
  " To maids and youths in robes of ſtate!
" I am a woman poor and mean,
  " And therefore is my Soul elate.
" War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,
" That from the aged Father tears his Child!

" A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,
  " He kills the Sire and ſtarves the Son;
" The Huſband kills, and from her board
  " Steals all his Widow's toil had won;
" Plunders God's world of beauty; rends away
" All ſafety from the Night, all comfort from the Day.

" Then wiſely is my ſoul elate,
  " That Strife ſhould vaniſh, Battle ceaſe:

ı poor and of a low eſtate,
The Mother of the Prince of Peace.
ſ riſes in me, like a ſummer's morn:
ıce, Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is born."

Samuel T. Coleridge.

VI.

" To God The Sonne."

GREATE Prynce of heaven! begotten of that Kyng
Who rules the kyndome that Himſelf dyd make,
of that virgyn-queene manne's ſhape did take,
:h from kynge Davyd's royal ſtock dyd ſprynge;
nervayle, though Thy byrth mayd angells ſynge,
angells dyttyes ſhepehyrds pypes awake,
kynges, lyke ſhepehyrds, humbled for Thy ſake,
:le at Thy feete, and guyftes of homage brynge:
heaven and earth, the hyghe and lowe eſtate
artners of Thy byrth make œqual clayme;
:lls, becauſe in heaven God Thee begatt,
pehyrdes and kynges becauſe Thy mother came
ı pryncely race, and yet by povertye
d glory ſhyne in her humillitye.

Henry Conſtable.

VII.

" An Ode of the Birth of our Savic

IN Numbers, and but theſe few,
I ſing Thy Birth, Oh JESU! ;
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With ſup'rabundant ſcorn here:
Who for Thy Princely Port here,
Hadſt for Thy place
Of Birth, a baſe
Out-ſtable for Thy Court here.

Inſtead of neat Incloſures
Of inter-woven Oſiers;
Inſtead of fragrant Poſies
Of Daffadills, and Roſes;
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Goſpell tells,
Was nothing els,
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with Silks, not Cruells,
With ſundry precious Jewells,
And Lilly-work will dreſſe Thee;
And as we diſpoſſeſſe Thee
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for Thee,
Of Ivorie,
And plaiſter'd round with Amber.

The Jews they did diſdaine Thee,
But we will entertaine Thee
With Glories to await here
Upon Thy Princely State here,
And more for love, then pittie.
From yeere to yeere
Wee'l make Thee, here,
A Free-born of our Citie.

Robert Herrick.

VIII.

HARK! the Herald Angels ſing,
" Glory to the new-born King,
" Peace on earth and mercy mild,
" God and ſinner reconcil'd."
Hark! the Herald Angels ſing,
" Glory to the new-born King."

Joyful, all ye nations, riſe,
Join the triumph of the ſkies,
With the angelic hoſt proclaim,
Chriſt is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the Herald Angels ſing,
" Glory to the new-born King."

Chriſt by higheſt Heaven ador'd,
Chriſt the everlaſting Lord!
Late in time behold Him come,
Offſpring of a Virgin's wombe.
Hark! the Herald Angels ſing,
" Glory to the new-born King."

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all He brings,
Riſen with healing in His wings.
Hark! the Herald Angels ſing
" Glory to the new-born King

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.
Hark! the Herald Angels ſing
" Glory to the new-born King

J. C.

IX.

" New Prince, new Pompe."

BEHOLD a ſilly tender Babe,
In freezing Winter night
In homely Manger trembling lie
Alas, a piteous ſight:
The Innes are full, no man will yeeld
This little Pilgrim bed;
But forc't He is with ſilly beaſts,
In crib to ſhrowd His head.
Deſpiſe Him not for lying there,
Firſt what He is enquire:
An Orient pearle is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Waigh not His Crib, His wooden diſh,
  Nor beaſt that by Him feed:
Waigh not His Mothers poore attire,
  Nor Joſephs ſimple weed.
This Stable is a Princes Court,
  The Crib His chaire of State:
The beaſts are parcell of His Pompe,
  The wooden diſh His plate.
The perſons in that poore attire,
  His royall liveries weare,
The Prince Himſelfe is come from heaven,
  This pompe is prized there.
With joy approach, O Chriſtian wight,
  Doe homage to thy King;
And highly praiſe His humble Pompe,
  Which He from Heaven doth bring.

Robert Southwell.

x.

"Chriſtmas."

THE Shepherds ſing; and ſhall I ſilent be?
  My God, no hymne for Thee?
My ſoul's a ſhepherd too; a flock it feeds
  Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The paſture is Thy word: the ſtreams, Thy Grace
  Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock ſhall ſing, and all my powers
  Out-ſing the day-light houres.

George Herbert.

XI.

" An Hymne of the Nativity, ſung by the Shepheards."

CHORUS.

COME we ſhepheards whoſe bleſt ſigl
Hath met Loves noone, in Natures n
Come lift we up our loftier ſong,
And wake the Sun that lyes too lor

To all our world of well-ſtoln joy,
He ſlept, and dreamt of no ſuch thing;
While we found out Heav'ns fairer eye,
And kiſt the cradle of our King;
Tell him he riſes now too late,
To ſhow us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can ſhew him more
Than he e're ſhewd to mortall ſight,
Than he himſelf e're ſaw before
Which to be ſeen needs not his light;
Tell him Tityrus where th' haſt been,
Tell him Thyrſis what th' haſt ſeen.

Tit. Gloomy night embrac't the place
Where the noble Infant lay,
The Babe look't up and ſhew'd His face,
In ſpite of darkneſſe it was day

It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rife,
Not from the Eaft, but from Thine eyes.

Thyrf. Winter chid aloud, and ſent
The angry North to wage his wars,
The North forgot his fierce intent,
And left perfumes inſtead of ſcars,
By thoſe ſweet eyes perſwaſive powers,
Where he mean't froſt, he ſcatter'd flowers.

Both. We ſaw Thee in Thy Balmey Neſt
Bright dawn of our eternal day!
We ſaw Thine eyes break from Their Eaſt,
And chace the trembling ſhades away.
We ſaw Thee, and we bleſt the ſight,
We ſaw Thee by Thine owne ſweet light.

Tit. Poore world ſaid I, what wilt thou doe
To entertaine this ſtarrie ſtranger?
Is this the beſt thou canſt beſtow
A cold, and not too cleanly manger?
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Thyrf. Proud world ſaid I, ceaſe your conteſt,
And let the mighty Babe alone,
The Phœnix builds the Phœnix neſt,
Love's Architecture is all one.
The Babe whoſe Birth embraves this morne,
Made His own Bed ere He was borne.

Tit. I ſaw the curl'd drops, ſoft and flow,
Come hovering ore the places head,
Offering their whiteſt ſheets of ſnow,
To furniſh the faire Infant's Bed:
Forbeare ſaid I, be not too bold
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

Thyrſ. I ſaw the obſequious Seraphins
Their Roſie Fleece of Fire beſtow,
For well they now can ſpare their wings
Since Heaven it ſelfe lyes here below:
Well done ſaid I, but are you ſure
Your downe ſo warme, will paſs for pure.

Tit. No, no, your King's not yet to ſeeke
Where to repoſe His Royall Head,
See, ſee, how ſoone His new-bloom'd cheeke
Twixt's mothers breſts is gone to bed.
Sweet choice ſaid I, no way but ſo
Not to lye cold, yet ſleep in ſnow.

Both. We ſaw Thee in thy Baulmey neſt
Bright Dawn of our eternall Day,
We ſaw Thine eyes breake from Their Eaſt,
And chaſe the trembling ſhades away.
We ſaw Thee, and we bleſt the ſight,
We ſaw Thee, by Thine owne ſweet light.

FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one ſight!
Eternitie ſhut in a ſpan,

Summer in winter, day in night,
  Heaven in Earth, and God in man;
Great little one! Whoſe all embracing birth
Lift's earth to heav'n, ſtoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome though not to gold nor ſilke,
  To more than Cæſars birthright is;
Two Siſter Seas of Virgin Milke,
  With many a rarely temper'd Kiſſe
That breath's at once both Maide and Mother,
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.

She ſings Thy Teares a ſleep, and dips
  Her kiſſes in Thy weeping eye,
She ſpreads the red leaves of Thy lips,
  That in Their buds yet bluſhing lye.
She 'gainſt thoſe Mother Diamonds tries
The points of her young Eagles eyes.

Welcome, though not to thoſe gay flyes
  Guilded i' th' beames of earthly Kings,
Slippery ſoules in ſmiling eyes,
  But to poor Shepheards, home-ſpun things,
Whoſe wealth's their flock; whoſe wit to be
Well read in their ſimplicitie.

Yet when young Aprill's huſband ſhowers,
Shall bleſſe the fruitfull Maia's bed,
Wee'l bring the firſt borne of her flowers,
  To kiſſe Thy feet and crowne Thy head.

To Thee dread Lamb! whose love must keepe
The shepheards more than they their sheepe.

To Thee meeke Majestie! soft King
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves;
Each of us his Lamb will bring,
Each his paire of Silver Doves,
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy faire eyes,
Our selves become our owne best sacrifice.

Richard Crashaw.

XII.

"The Shepheard's Song: a Caroll or Himne for Christmas."

SWEET Musicke, sweeter farre
Then any song is sweet:
Sweet Musicke heavenly rare,
Mine eares, O peeres, doth greete.
Your gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl'd with dewe,
Resemble heaven, whom golden drops make bright:
Listen, O listen now, O not to you
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night.
But voyces most divine
Make blissfull harmonie:
Voyces that seeme to shine,
For what else cleares the skie?
Tunes can we heare, but not the singers see,
The tunes divine, and so the singers be.

ow the firmament
thin an azure fold
lock of ſtarres hath pent,
at we might them behold.
·om their beames proceedeth not this light,
r can their chriſtals ſuch reflection give.
then doth make the element ſo bright?
e heavens are come downe upon earth to live.
arken to the ſong,
ɔry to glories king,
peace all men among,
.eſe queriſters doe ſing.
ls they are, as alſo, Shepheards, hee
n in our feare we doe admire to ſee.

ot amazement blinde
ur ſoules, ſaid he, annoy:
ɔu and all mankinde
/ meſſage bringeth ioy.
ɔe the world's great Shepheard now is borne,
bleſſed babe, an infant full of power:
long night, up-riſen is the morne,
nowning Bethlem in the Saviour.
ıg is the perfect day,
prophets ſeene a farre:
ıg is the mirthfull May,
hich Winter cannot marre.
avid's citie doth this ſunne appeare:
led in fleſh, yet Shepheards ſit we here.

Edmund Bolton.

From "England's Helicon."

XIII.

" Chriſtmas Day."

Song xlvi.

(1)

AS on the night before theis happie Mor
A bleſſed Angell unto Shepheardes to
Where (in a Stable) He was poorely bor
Whom, nor the earth, nor Heav'n
Heav'ns can hold:
Through Bethlem rung
This newes at their returne;
Yea Angells ſung,
That God with us was borne:
And they made mirth becauſe we ſhould not moun

CHORUS.

Their Angell-Caroll ſing we then,
To God on high all glorie be,
For Peace on earth beſtoweth He,
And ſhoweth favour unto men.

(2)

This favour Chriſt vouchſafed for our ſake
To buy us Thrones, He in a Manger lay
Our Weakneſſe tooke, that we His Strength might ta
And was diſrob'd, that He might us aray,

Our fleſh He wore,
Our Sinne to weare away.
Our Curſe He bore,
That we eſcape it may.
Vept for us, that we might ſing for aye.

CHORUS.

h Angells therefore ſing agen,
God on high all glorie be;
Peece on Earth beſtoweth He;
l ſhoweth favour unto men.

George Wither.

XIV.

" Chriſts Nativity."

WAKE, glad heart! get up, and Sing!
It is the Birth-day of thy King.
Awake! awake!
The Sun doth ſhake
ıt from his locks, and, all the way
ıthing Perfumes, doth ſpice the day.

ake, awake! heark how th' wood rings,
ıds whiſper, and the buſie ſprings
A Concert make;
Awake! awake!
ı is their high-prieſt, and ſhould riſe
offer up the ſacrifice.

I would I were ſome Bird, or ſtar,
Flutt'ring in words, or lifted far
Above this Inne
And Rode of ſin!
Then either Star or Bird ſhould be
Shining or ſinging ſtill to Thee.

I would I had in my beſt part
Fit Roomes for Thee! or that my heart
Were ſo clean as
Thy Manger was!
But I am all filth, and obſcene;
Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canſt make clean.

Sweet Jeſu! will then; Let no more
This Leper haunt and ſoyl thy door!
Cure him, Eaſe him,
O releaſe him!
And let once more, by miſtick birth,
The Lord of life be born in Earth.

Henry Vaugh

XV.

"Carrol for Chriſtmas-day.

MY Soule; why art thou thus deject
And why art thou diſturbd in n
Truſt thou in God; His ayde exp
Who is the onely helpe for thee
And doth thy Sighes, and Sorrowes ſee.

Oh! that Hee once, the Heavens would reave,
  And ſo come downe. For, Prophets tell,
Behold a Virgin ſhall conceave,
  A Sonne, fore-nam'd Emmanuel,
  Who ſhall deſcend, with us to dwell.

And ſee: that Heavenly Newes comes downe;
  That joy, to all Men ſhall afford:
This day is borne, in Davids Towne,
  A Saviour, which is Chriſt the Lord,
  According to His Holy Word.

This is the Day, the Lord hath made:
  Let us rejoyce therein with Mirth.
And be not thou, my Soule, ſo ſad:
  But, ſince thy God is borne on Earth;
  Sing Hallelujah, at His Birth.

William Auſtin.

XVI.

"An Hymn on the Nativity of my Saviour."

ING the birth was born to-night,
  The author both of life and light;
  The angels ſo did ſound it.
  And like the raviſh'd ſhepherds ſaid,
Who ſaw the light, and were afraid,
  Yet ſearch'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all Salvation bring,
  And freed the ſoul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
  Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wiſdom will'd it ſo,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
  Both wills were in one ſtature;
And as that wiſdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Fleſh indeed,
  And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himſelf the price of ſin,
  To make us heirs of Glory!
To ſee this babe, all innocence
A martyr born in our defence:
  Can man forget this ſtory?

Ben: Jonſon.

XVII.

"Antheme for Chriſtmas Day

IMMORTALL babe who this dear c
Didſt change Thine Heaven for our
And didſt with fleſh Thy Godhead
Eternal Son of God, All-hail!

: happy Star, ye Angels, ſing
y on high to Heavens King:
Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,
Heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.

hip ye Sages of the Eaſt
King of Gods in meanneſs dreſt.
eſſed maid ſmile and adore
God Thy womb and armes have bore.

Angels, Shepherds, and wiſe ſages;
ı Virgin glory of all ages,
red frame of Heaven and Earth
n your dear Redeemers Birth.

Joſeph Hall.

XVIII.

"A Childe my choice."

LET folly praiſe
that fancie loves:
I praiſe and love that Childe,
Whoſe heart no thought,
whoſe tongue no word,
whoſe hand no deed defil'd.
I praiſe Him moſt,
I love Him beſt,
all praiſe and love is His:
While Him I love,
in Him I live,
and cannot live amiſſe.

Loves ſweeteſt marke,
  lauds higheſt theme,
  mans moſt deſired light;
To love Him, life;
  to leave Him, death;
  to live in Him, delight.
He mine by gift,
I His by debt,
  thus each to other's due:
Firſt friend He was,
  beſt friend He is,
  all times will try Him true.

Though yong yet wiſe,
  though ſmall yet ſtrong,
  though man, yet God He is.
As wiſe, He knowes,
  as ſtrong, He can,
  as God, He loves to bliſſe:
His knowledge rules,
  His ſtrength defends,
  His love doth cheriſh all:
His birth our joy,
  His life our light,
  His death our end of thrall.

Alas He weepes,
  He ſighs, He panes,
  Yet do His Angels ſing:
Out of His teares,

His ſighs and throbs,
doth bud a joyfull ſpring.
mighty Babe,
whoſe tender armes,
can force all foes to flie;
rrect my faults,
protect my life,
direct me when I die.

Robert Southwell.

XIX.

' For Chriſtmas Day."

EIOYCE, reioyce, with hart and voyce,
In Chriſtes birth this day reioyce.

From Virgins wombe this day did ſpring
cious ſeede that onely ſaved man:
et man reioyce and ſweetely ſing,
ı this day ſalvation fyrſt began.
id Chryſte mans ſoule from death remove,
ous ſaintes to dwell in heaven above.

o man came pledge of perfect peace,
y to man came love and unitie;
nans greefe began for to ſurceaſe,
ɣ did man receive a remedie,
ffence, and every deadly ſinne,
ie hart, that erſt he wandred in.

In Chriſtes flocke let love be ſurely plaſte,
From Chriſtes flocke let concorde hate
Of Chriſtes flocke let love be ſo embraſte,
As we in Chriſte, and Chriſte in us ma
Chriſte is the authour of all unitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O ſyng unto this glittering glorious King,
O prayſe His name let every living thi
Let hart and voyce like belles of ſilver rin
The comfort that this day did bring.
Let Lute, let Shalme, with ſounde of ſwe
The ioy of Chriſtes birth this day reſight.

Francis Kinwelm

From "The Paradiſe of Dayn

XX.

"Chriſtmas Carol."

LOVELY voices of the ſky,
That hymn'd the Saviour's
Are ye not ſinging ſtill on hig
Ye that ſang, "Peace on e
To us yet ſpeak the ſtrains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye bleſſ'd the Syrian ſwains,
O voices of the ſky!

O clear and ſhining light, whoſe bea
That hour Heaven's glory ſhed

Around the palms, and o'er the ſtreams,
  And on the Shepherds' head;
Be near, through life and death,
  As in that holieſt night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
  O clear and ſhining light!

O ſtar which led to Him, whoſe love
  Brought down man's ranſom free;
Where art thou?—'midſt the hoſts above,
  May we ſtill gaze on thee?—
In heaven thou art not ſet,
  Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet!
  O ſtar which led to Him!

Felicia Hemans.

XXI.

"The Prince of Salem."

WHEN Jordan huſhed his waters ſtill,
  And ſilence ſlept on Zion hill;
  When Bethlehem's ſhepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by ſtarry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal ſound,
In diſtant hallelujahs ſtole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd ſoul.

Then ſwift to every ſtartled eye,
New ſtreams of glory light the ſky;
Heaven burſt her azure gates to pour
Her ſpirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hoſts of Zion came;
High heaven with ſongs of triumph rang,
While thus they ſtruck their harps and ſa

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature riſe again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich ſtream to them that mourn;
Behold, ſhe binds, with tender care,
The bleeding boſom of Deſpair.

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart;
Bids Satan and his hoſt depart:
Again the Day-ſtar gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

O Zion! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature riſe again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Thomas Cam

XXII.

"A Cradle Hymn."

HUSH! my dear, lie ſtill and ſlumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heav'nly bleſſings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,
Houſe and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well ſupplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be;
When from heav'n He deſcended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and eaſy is thy cradle,
Coarſe and hard thy Saviour lay;
When His birth-place was a ſtable,
And His ſofteſt bed was hay.

Bleſſed Babe! what glorious features
Spotleſs fair! Divinely bright!
Muſt he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the ſight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Curſed ſinners could afford,

To receive the heav'nly ſtranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Though my ſong might ſound too hard!
'Tis thy mother ſits beſide thee,
And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

Yet to read the ſhameful ſtory,
How the Jews abuſ'd their King,
How they ſerv'd the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I ſing.

See the kinder ſhepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the ſky!
Where they ſought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dreſſing,
Lovely Infant how he ſmil'd!
When he wept, the mother's bleſſing
Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy child.

Lo, He ſlumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed:
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a near thy bed.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endleſs crying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

'ſt thou live to know and fear Him,
'ruſt and love Him all thy days;
n go dwell for ever near Him,
ee His face, and ſing His praiſe!

uld give thee thouſand kiſſes,
Ioping what I muſt deſire;
a mother's fondeſt wiſhes
'an to greater joys aſpire.

Iſaac Watts.

Additional Christmas Piec

I.

" The Shepheards."

SWEET, harmleſs lives! on whoſe
leiſure
Waits Innocence and pleaſure,
Whoſe leaders to thoſe paſtures ar
ſprings
Were Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings;
How happend it that in the dead of night
You only ſaw true light,
While Paleſtine was faſt aſleep, and lay
Without one thought of Day?
Was it becauſe thoſe firſt and bleſſed ſwains
Were pilgrims on thoſe plains,
When they receiv'd the promiſe, for which r
'Twas there firſt ſhown to you?
'Tis true, He loves that Duſt whereon they
That ſerve Him here below,
And therefore might for memory of thoſe
His love there firſt diſcloſe;
But wretched Salem once His love, muſt nov
No voice nor viſion know,

ately Piles with all their height and pride
languiſhed and died,
Bethlem's humble Cotts above them ſtept,
all her Seers ſlept;
Cedar firr, hew'd ſtones, and gold were all
ed through their fall,
hoſe once ſacred manſions were now
emptineſs and ſhow.
nade the Angel call at reeds and thatch,
here the ſhepheards watch,
God's own lodging though He could not lack,
a common Kack;
ſtly pride, no ſoft-cloath'd luxurie,
ſe their Cels could lie;
tirring wind and ſtorm blew through their Cots,
n never harbour'd plots;
Content and love and humble joys
there without all noiſe;
ps ſome harmleſs Cares for the next day
n their boſomes play,
nere to lead their ſheep, what ſilent nook,
ſprings or ſhades to look;
nat was all; And now with gladſome care
for the town prepare;
leave their flock, and in a buſie talk
wards Bethlem walk
e their ſoul's great Shepheard, who was come,
ing all ſtraglers home;
e now they find Him out, and taught before,
Lamb of God adore,

That Lamb whoſe daies great Kings and Propl
wiſh'd
And long'd to ſee, but miſſ'd.
The firſt light they beheld was bright and gay,
And turn'd their night to day;
But to this later light they ſaw in Him,
Their day was dark and dim.

Henry Vaughan.

II.

" Chriſt His Crib."

WHAT fury haunteth us,
that we ſo much delight,
To ſtand and gaze on monument
of auncient former ſight?
Of pleaſure what find we,
in ſumptuous buildings new:
Such as our anceſtors before,
the like nere ſaw nor knew?
Behold the time is ſuch,
vanitie beareth ſway:
And fancie fond the wit doth rule,
till both come to decay.
For every private man,
a modull takes in hand,
Where wit and will, and wealth do meet,
are many platformes ſcand.
Some coſtly buildings reare,
and pull them downe againe:

And otherſome altar and change,
  as fanſie feedes the braine.
And ſome foundation laies,
  and yer the worke be done:
Doth take his leave and goeth his waie,
  and leaves it to his ſonne.
The ſonne doth much miſlike
  the worke the father wrought,
And yer his fancie can be fed,
  conſumes himſelfe to nought.
Of other ſome there be,
  having of treaſure ſtore:
Which when a worke they finiſht have,
  yet ſtill deviſeth more.
What pleaſure now have ſuch,
  in lieu of coſt and paine,
For only but to feed the eie,
  in vanitie moſt vaine.
But if you faine would ſee,
  a monument indeed:
Then go with me and run apace,
  the better we ſhall ſpeed.
I will you ſhew a ſight,
  more worth to view and ſee:
Then all the buildings on the earth,
  whatever ſo they be.
And ſuch a ſight it is,
  as all the fathers old:
And anceſtors before their time,
  the like did nere behold.

And all that live this day,
  and on the earth remaine:
Nor any after age that comes,
  ſhall ſee the ſame againe.
Behold loe here it is,
  a Cabin poore God knowes:
Beerent and torne, a ruſtie thing,
  unfurniſhed with ſhowes,
Of outward ſight to ſee,
  a ſimple thatched cot:
Where fleet and ſnow and raine drives i
  a ruyned place God wot.
And yet within the ſame,
  a bleſſed babe doth lie:
Which yeeldeth forth as infants doe,
  many a tender crie.
This babe, even at whoſe becke,
  the thunder makes to quake:
The earth beneath in trembling ſort,
  and lofty ſkie to ſhake.
Even here this infant doth
  being a mightie prince:
And ſoveraigne ruler of the world,
  that ſhall His foes convince,
Sucke milke from tender breaſt,
  of bleſſed Mary ſure:
Being His mother and a wife,
  and yet a virgine pure.
I am no whit afraid,
  compariſon to make:

This homelie Cabin to prefer,
  for this ſweet Babies ſake,
Before the buildings great,
  of ſtately Temples all,
And ſumptuous courts and palaces,
  of princes great and ſmall.
This ſtable dooth ſurmount
  the coſtly Temple wrought,
With curious worke by Salomon,
  which (as of right it ought)
Muſt yeeld and baſe itſelfe,
  and ſtoope this place unto,
In which was borne the ſonne of God,
  as was His will to doe.
So muſt that glorious court,
  of that high potentat,
King Creſus he of Lydia,
  ſtand backe to this eſtate.
And let the Capitols
  that dedicated were,
In olde time paſt with Idols theirs,
  unto Dan Jupiter.
Which though they garniſht were
  moſt magnificentlie:
With fine and curious workmanſhip,
  of marble imag'rie:
Now yeeld this ſtable to,
  as ſubjects bond and thrall,
As no whit to compared be,
  to this in ought at all.

Let Lady Rome ſtrike ſaile,
  and under hatches go
With ſtately turrets of defenſe,
  hir wals and gates alſo.
And let hir capitoll,
  with glaſſe and gold araide:
And temple Olavitritium
  now ſhake and be afraid.
And let hir houſe of gold,
  bedeckt with precious ſtone,
Give place with all humility
  to this poore cot alone.
For now is falne to ground,
  the image made of gold:
In likeneſſe to king Romulus,
  which ſhould together hold,
And ſtand for evermore,
  until ſuch time a child
Should forth proceed and ſo be borne
  of virgin meeke and mild.
The image made of braſſe
  in womans portraiture:
So high, ſo great, and hugie was,
  for ever to endure.
Which now is likewiſe falne,
  even as the artſman ſaid:
Yet ſtil ſhall ſtand until a child
  proceedeth from a maide.

* * * * *

William Hunnis.

III.

.d they laid Him in a Manger."

APPY Cribb! thou wert alone
To my God, Bed, Cradle, Throne,
Whilſt thy glorious vileneſſe, I
View with divine Phant'ſies Eye;
filth ſeems all the Coſt,
.nd Splendour, Crowns doe boaſt.
Heaven's ſacred Majeſty
led beneath Poverty.
ed up in homely Rags,
Bed of Straw and Flags.
hoſe Hands the Heavens diſplayd,
he Worlds Foundations layd,
the World's almoſt exil'd,
Ornaments deſpoyl'd.
nes bath Him not, new born,
n Mantles not adorn:
o the rich Roofs look bright
the Jaſpers Orient Light.
e O Royall Infant! be
nſigns of Thy Majeſtie?
Sires equalizing State,
Thy Scepter that rules Fate?
e's Thy Angell-guarded Throne,
ce Thy Laws Thou didſt make known?

Laws which Heaven, Earth, Hell obay'd;
Theſe, all theſe, aſide He layd;
Would the Emblem be, of Pride
By Humility outvy'd.

Edward Sherburne.

IV.

"The Sonne."

LET foreign nations of their language boaſt,
What fine variety each tongue affords:
I like our language, as our men, and coaſt;
Who cannot dreſs it well, want wit, not words.
How neatly do we give one only name
To parent's iſſue, and the ſonne's bright ſtar!
A ſonne is light, and fruit; a fruitful flame,
Chaſing the father's dimneſs: carried far
From the firſt man in the Eaſt, to freſh and new
Weſtern diſcoveries of poſterity.
So, in one word, our Lord's humility
We turn upon Him, in a ſenſe moſt true;
For, what Chriſt once in humbleneſs began,
We Him in glory call, The Sonne of Man.

George Herbert.

V.

" On the Bleſſed Virgins baſhfullneſſe."

THAT on her lap ſhe caſts her humble eye,
'Tis the ſweet pride of her humilitie.
The faire ſtarre is well fixt, for where,
O where,
Could ſhe have fixt it on a fairer ſpheare?
'Tis heaven, 'tis heaven ſhe ſees; Heaven's God there
lyes,
She can ſee heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes:
This new gueſt to her eyes, new lawes hath given,
'Twas once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven.

Richard Craſhaw.

VI.

The Virgin's meditation.

WHAT avails me now that honour high
To have conceiv'd of God, or that ſalute
Hale highly favour'd, among women bleſt;
While I to ſorrows am no leſs advanc't
And fears as eminent, above the lot
Of other women, by the birth I bore,
In ſuch a ſeaſon born when ſcarce a Shed
Could be obtain'd to ſhelter Him or me

From the bleak air; a Stable was our warmth
A Manger His, yet ſoon enforc't to fly
Thence into Egypt, till the Murd'rous King
Were dead, who ſought His life, and miſſing
With Infant blood the ſtreets of Bethlehem;
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth
Hath been our dwelling many years, His life
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
Little ſuſpicious to any King; but now
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,
By John the Baptiſt, and in public ſhown,
Son own'd from Heav'n by His Father's voic
I look'd for ſome great change; to Honour?
But trouble, as old Simeon plain fore-told,
That to the full and riſing He ſhould be
Of many in Iſrael, and to a ſign
Spoken againſt, that through my very Soul
A ſword ſhall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,
My Exaltation to Afflictions high;
Afflicted I may be, it ſeems, and bleſt;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.

* * * * * *

Thus Mary pondring oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had paſſ'd
Since firſt her Salutation heard, with thought
Meekly compoſ'd awaited the fulfilling.

John Mi

VII.

" Luke 2."

Nunc Dimittis.

THOU who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let Thy ſervant die,
Whoſe hope on Thee relies:
For Thou, whoſe words and deeds are one,
ength haſt Thy Salvation ſhowne
'o theſe my raviſht Eies.

Thee, before Thy Hands diſplaid
Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,
Into the World decree'd:
ampe to give the Gentiles Light;
lory, O how infinite!
'o Iſraels faithfull Seed.

George Sandys.

Sunday after Christmas.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the people:
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Isaiah. lx. 1, 2, 3.

I.

" Sunday after Chriſtmas Day."

H for a pſalm of everlaſting praiſe
To chaunt, great God, Thy love to thankleſs man!
That love which from the duſt his form did raiſe,
Rich with a ſoul his Maker's work to ſcan,
And view Thee preſent through the all-perfect plan!
So thy great maſter-piece on earth he ſtood,
While all his days 'mid fields of pleaſure ran;
The Tree of Life gave him immortal food,
And every thought he knew, was happy, wiſe and good.

Yet ſuch ſtupendous love was none, compar'd
With that exceeding grace in Jeſus ſhown;
When to redeem, the Almighty arm was bared,
And wrought ſalvation—work for God alone;
When Thine own Son forſook His Father's throne,
Took our frail nature of the ſpotleſs maid,
And came on work of mercy to His own;
Content to be rejected and betray'd,
So His betrayers' ſins on His meek head were laid!

Vouchſafe, O Lord, now that dread work is pa
And man redeemed, its bleſſings we may pro
Grant that our hearts, in heavenly mould recai
May bear ſweet impreſs of ſuch matchleſs lo
And after idols never more may rove;
Oh, grant, that once again adopted Thine,
Our wills ſubſervient to Thy will may move,
Till rich in works of Chriſtian faith we ſhin
And ſweetly lead on earth once more the life di

Samuel Rickar

"Holy Sonnets."

"*La Corona.*"

DEIGNE at my hands this crowne of p
and praiſe,
Weav'd in my lone devout melanc
Thou which of good, haſt, yea art trea
All changing unchang'd Ancient of dayes,
But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,
Reward my muſes white ſinceritie,
But what Thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give
A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwaye
The ends crowne our workes, but Thou crown'
ends,
For at our ends begin our endleſſe reſt,
The firſt laſt end, now zealouſly poſſeſt,
With a ſtrong ſober thirſt, my ſoule attends.
'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,
Salvation to all that will, is nigh.

Annunciation.

ION to all that will is nigh,
.ll, which alwayes is all every where,
cannot ſinne, and yet all ſinnes muſt beare,
cannot die, yet cannot chuſe but die,
ithfull Virgin, yeelds Himſelfe to lie
ın, in thy wombe; and though Hee there
:e no ſinne, nor thou give, yet Hee'll weare
rom thence, fleſh, which deaths force may trie.
the ſpheares time was created thou
ı His minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,
thou conceiv'ſt conceived; yea thou art now
:akers maker, and thy Fathers mother,
ıaſt light in darke, and ſhutt'ſt in little roome,
ITIE cloyſtered in thy deare wombe.

Nativitie.

ITIE cloyſter'd in thy dear wombe,
aves His welbelov'd impriſonment,
He hath made Himſelfe to His intent
enough, now into our world to come;
for thee, for Him, hath th' Inne no roome?
Him in this ſtall, and from the Orient,
and wiſemen will travell to prevent
:ſts of Herods jealous generall doome.
ou, my Soule, with thy faiths eye, how He
fils all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie?
t His pity towards thee wondrous high,
ould have need to be pittied by thee?

Kiſſe Him, and with Him into Egypt goe,
With His kinde mother, who partakes thy woe.

Temple.

WITH His kinde mother, who partakes thy woe,
Joſeph turne backe; ſee where your child doth ſi
Blowing, yea blowing out thoſe ſparks of wit,
Which Himſelfe on the Doctors did beſtow;
The Word but lately could not ſpeake, and loe
It ſuddenly ſpeakes wonders, whence comes it,
That all which was, and all which ſhould be wri
A ſhallow ſeeming child, ſhould deeply know?
His Godhead was not ſoule to His manhood,
Nor had time mellowed Him to this ripeneſſe,
But as for one which hath a long taſke, 'tis good,
With the Sunne to begin his buſineſſe,
He in His ages morning thus began,
By miracles exceeding power of man.

John Donne.

III.

"The Incarnation, and Paſſion."

LORD! when Thou didſt Thy ſelfe undre
Laying by Thy robes of glory,
To make us more Thou wouldſt be le
And becam'ſt a wofull ſtory.

To put on Clouds inſtead of light,
And cloath the morning-ſtarre with duſt,

Was a tranſlation of ſuch height
As, but in Thee, was ne'r expreſt.

Brave wormes and Earth! that thus could have
A God encloſ'd within your Cell,
Your maker pent up in a grave,
Life lockt in death, heav'n in a ſhell!

Ah, my deare Lord! what couldſt Thou ſpye
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made Thee thus reſolve to dye
For thoſe that kill Thee every day?

O what ſtrange wonders could Thee move
To ſlight Thy precious bloud, and breath?
Sure it was Love my Lord; for Love
Is only ſtronger far than death!

Henry Vaughan.

IV.

"Pſalm II."

WHY gath'ring rag'd the realms ſo wild,
What dreams have heathen hearts beguil'd?
They rouſe them, all the kings of earth,
The Powers in council are gone forth,
Againſt the Lord who rules above,
Againſt th' Anointed of His love.

"Now break we all their bonds in twain,
"Away we caſt them, cord and chain,"—

He ſcorns them, who in Heav'n abides,
Their doings God on high derides.
Then ſhall He ſpeak to them in wrath,
In withering anger blaſt their path:

" My King I have anointed ſtill
" On Zion, Mine own holy hill."
Now let Me tell the high decree:—
The Lord ſpake out, He ſpake to Me—
" Thou art My Son," He ſaid, " to-day
" Begotten: aſk, and win Thy way:

" Aſk, and I bid the realms be Thine,
" All ends of earth Thy lot aſſign,
" To bruiſe with iron rod, to ſpurn
" And ſhiver like a potter's urn."
Now therefore, O ye kings, be wiſe,
Ye lords of earth, your hearts chaſtiſe.

Serve God in fear: before the Throne
In awe rejoice, and kiſs the Son;
Leſt He be wroth, and ye, aſtray
And helpleſs, periſh off the way:
Soon will His ire blaze out in power,
O bleſt, who lean on Him that hour.

John Ke

V.

" Pſalm VIII."

LORD, how illuſtrious is Thy Name!
Whoſe pow'r both Heav'n and Earth proclame!
Thy Glorie Thou haſt ſet on hie,
Above the marble-arched Skie.
The wonders of Thy power Thou haſt
In mouths of babes and ſucklings plac't;
That ſo Thou might'ſt Thy foes confound,
And who in malice moſt abound.
When I pure Heaven, Thy fabricke ſee,
The Moone and Starres diſpoſ'd by Thee;
O what is man or his fraile Race,
That Thou ſhouldſt ſuch a Shadow grace!
Next to Thy Angels moſt renown'd;
With Majeſty and Glory crown'd;
The King of all Thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet haſt layd:
All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,
That ſhady Woods or Deſerts breed;
What in the airy Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean ſlide.
Lord, how illuſtrious is Thy Name,
Whoſe power both Heaven and Earth proclame!

George Sandys.

VI.

" Pſalm LXXII."

THE King, Iehovah, with Thy Iuſtic
crowne;
And in a God-like reigne His Sonn
nowne.
He ſhall with equity Thy People ſway;
And Iudgment in the ſcales of Iuſtice waigh.
Then little hils ſhall riot with increaſe;
And Mountaines flouriſh in the fruits of Peace.
He ſhall the Poore from violence protect;
Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.
They, while the reſtleſſe Sunne directs the Year
While Moons increaſe and wain, Thy Name ſhal f
He ſhall deſcend like plenty-dropping ſhowres,
Which cloath the Earth, and fill her Lap with flo
The Iuſt ſhall flouriſh in His happy daies,
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Ra
He ſhall from Sea to Sea inlarge His Raigne;
From ſwift Euphrates to the fartheſt Maine.
The wild inhabitants, that live by prey,
In ſcorched Deſerts, ſhall His Rule obey.
His Foes ſhall licke the duſt, rich with their ſp
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-graſped Iles,
Shall orient Pearle, and ſparkling ſtones preſent
Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiopians ſent.
The ſwart Sabæans, and Panchaia's King
Shall Caſſia, Myrrhe, and ſacred Incenſe bring.

ſhall homage to this King afford;
ıs ſhall receive Him for their Lord.
h' Oppreſſed heare, the Poore defend;
y ſave, and ſuch as have no friend:
:heir Soules from fraud, and violence;
with bloud revenge their blouds expenſe.
Ie long and happily ſhall live:
hey ſhall the Gold of Sheba give.
e for their King ſhall hourely pray;
ı ſing, and bleſſe Him Day by Day.
ı of Corn ſhall on the high mountains grow,
like Cedars when rough tempeſts blow.
:ns ſhall proſper, and abound
s of Graſſe, which clothe the pregnant
ıund.
ſhall laſt to all eternity:
ɛ the Sunne illuminates the Sky.
ıs ſhall in Him be bleſt: Him all
ıble Earth ſhall bleſſed call.
be our God! That King of Kings,
r can accompliſh wondrous things!
ɛlebrate His glorious Name,
e world with His illuſtrious fame.

George Sandys.

Part III.

Infancy of our Bleſſed Lord.

Feſtivals included in Chriſtmas time.

(St. Stephen's Day.)

Stephen, full of faith and power,
Did great wonders and miracles
Among the people.

There aroſe certain,
Diſputing with Stephen.
And they were not able to reſiſt
The wiſdom and the ſpirit
By which he ſpake.

Then they ſuborned men,
Which ſaid, We have heard him ſpeak
Blaſphemous words
Againſt Moſes, and againſt God.

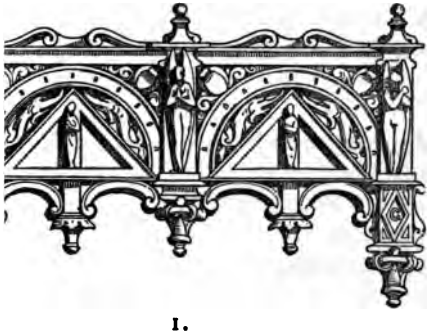
And all that ſat in the council,
Looking ſtedfaſtly on him,
Saw his face as it had been
The face of an angel.

And he ſaid—Behold, I ſee,
The heavens opened, and the Son of Man
Standing on the right hand of God.

Then they cried out
With a loud voice,
And ſtopped their ears,
And ran upon him
With one accord,

And they ſtoned Stephen,
Calling upon God, and ſaying,
Lord Jeſus, receive my ſpirit.

Acts. chs. vii. and viii.



1.

" St. Stephen's Day."

Song lxiii.

1.

ORD with what zeale did Thy firſt Martyr's breath
Thy bleſſed truth, to ſuch as him withſtood!
hat ſtout mind embraced he his death!
ly witneſſe ſealing with his blood!
iſe is Thine, that him ſo ſtrong did'ſt make
ſt is he that died for Thy ſake.

2.

ched love in him appear'd to be,
ı for his murth'rous Foes he did intreat:
ng eie made bright by Faith had he;
e beheld Thee in Thy glory ſet;

And ſo unmoov'd his patience he did keepe,
Hee di'de as if he had but ſalne aſleepe.

3.

Our luke-warme hearts with his hot Zeale enflame,
So Conſtant, and ſo Loving, let us be;
So let us living glorifie Thy Name;
So let us dying fixe our Eies on Thee:
And when the ſleepe of death ſhall us o'retake,
With him to Life eternall us awake.

George Wither.

II.

"St. Stephen's Day."

RIGHTFUL Prince of martyrs thou,
Bind thy crown about thy brow;
Fairer far than fading wreath,
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged ſtone,
Sparkling with life-blood, ſhone;
Nor could ſtars more brightly ſhine,
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's guſhing ſtreams
Dart a thouſand blending beams,
Till thy glowing countenance
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the firſt-ſlain victim free
To Him, the Victim ſlain for thee:
Thou the firſt thy Lord to own,
Sharer of His thorny crown.

Firſt to tread the pointed road
Through the deep Red ſea of blood:—
Prince of martyrs, thee behind
What a countleſs army wind?

Thou of Virgin-mother born,
In this wintry world forlorn;
  Jeſu, Lord, all praiſe to Thee.
All glory be to Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
  Unto all eternity.

Will. J. Copeland,
from the Latin.

III.

"St. Stephen's Day."

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
  A Kingly Crown to gain;
His blood-red banner ſtreams afar!
  Who follows in His train?

Who beſt can drink his cup of woe
  Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his croſs below,
  He follows in His train!

The martyr firſt, whoſe eagle eye
  Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who ſaw his Maſter in the ſky,
  And called on Him to ſave.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
  In midſt of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!
  Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the choſen few
  On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant Saints, their hopes they knev
  And mocked the croſs and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandiſh'd ſteel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel!
  Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light array'd.

They climbed the ſteep aſcent of Heaven,
  Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train!

Reginald Hebe

IV.

" St. Stephen's Day."

AS rays around the ſource of light
Stream upward ere he glow in ſight,
And watching by his future flight
Set the clear heavens on fire;
So on the King of Martyrs wait
Three choſen bands, in royal ſtate,
And all earth owns, of good and great,
Is gather'd in that choir.

One preſſes on, and welcomes death:
One calmly yields his willing breath,
Nor ſlow, nor hurrying, but in faith
Content to die or live:
And ſome, the darlings of their Lord,
Play ſmiling with the flame and ſword,
And, ere they ſpeak, to His ſure word
Unconſcious witneſs give.

Fore moſt and neareſt to His throne,
By perfect robes of triumph known,
And likeſt Him in look and tone,
The holy Stephen kneels,
With ſtedfaſt gaze, as when the ſky
Flew open to his fainting eye,
Which, like a fading lamp, flaſh'd high,
Seeing what death conceals.

Well might you guefs what vifion bright
Was prefent to his raptur'd fight,
Even as reflected ftreams of light
  Their folar fource betray—
The glory which our God furrounds,
The Son of Man, th' atoning wounds—
He fees them all; and earth's dull bounds
  Are melting faft away.

He fees them all—no other view
Could ftamp the Saviour's likenefs true,
Or with His love fo deep embrue
  Man's fullen heart and grofs—
" Jefu, do Thou my foul receive:
" Jefu, do Thou my foes forgive:"
He who would learn that prayer, muft live
  Under the holy Crofs.

He, though he feem on earth to move,
Muft glide in air like gentle dove,
From yon unclouded depths above
  Muft draw his purer breath;
Till men behold his angel face
All radiant with celeftial grace,
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace
  The lines of Jefus' death.

John Keb

St. John's Day.

Now there was leaning on Jeſus' boſom
One of his diſciples, whom Jeſus loved.
St John, xiii. 23.

The diſciple whom Jeſus loved:
Which alſo leaned on his breaſt, at ſupper.
St. John, xxi. 20.

For the life was manifeſted,
And we have ſeen it, and bear witneſs,
And ſhow unto you that eternal life,
Which was with the Father,
And was manifeſted unto us.
1 *Ep. John*, i. 2.

1.

" St. John's Day."

Song lxiv.

1.

TEACH us by his example Lord,
For whom we honour Thee, to l
And grant, his witneſſe of Thy Wo
Thy Church enlighten ever may
And as belov'd, oh Chriſt he was,
And therefore leaned on Thy breaſt;
So let us alſo in Thy grace,
And on Thy Sacred boſome reſt.

2.

Into us breath that Life Divine,
Whoſe Teſtimonie he intends;
About us cauſe Thy Light to ſhine,
That which no Darkneſſe comprehends:
And let that ever-bleſſed Word,
Which all things did create of nought,
Anew create us now, oh Lord,
Whoſe ruine ſin hath almoſt wrought.

3.

Thy holy Faith we doe profeſſe,
  Us to Thy Fellowſhip receive;
Our ſinnes we heartily confeſſe,
  Thy pardon therefore let us have:
And as to us Thy ſervant gives
  Occaſion thus to honour Thee;
So alſo, let our Words and Lives,
  As Lights and Guides to others be.

George Wither.

II.

"Feſtival Hymnes." "An Hymn upon St. John's Day."

THIS day
  We ſing
The friend of our eternal King,
Who in His boſome lay,
And kept the Keys
Of His profound and glorious Myſteries:
Which to the world diſpenſed by his hand,
  Made it ſtand
Fix'd in amazement to behold that light
  Which came
From the Throne of the Lamb,
  To invite

Our wretched eyes (which nothing elſe could ſe
But fire and ſword, hunger and miſerie)
To anticipate by their raviſh'd ſight
The beauty of Celeſtial delight.
Myſterious God, regard me when I pray:
And when this load of clay
Shall fall away,
O let Thy gracious hand conduct me up,
Where on the Lambs rich viands I may ſup:
And that in this laſt ſuppei
May with Thy friend in Thy ſweet boſome lie
For ever in Eternity.
Allelujah.

Jeremy Ta

III.

"St. John The Evangeliſt's Day."

OH God! who gav'ſt Thy ſervant gra
Amid the ſtorms of life diſtreſt,
To look on Thine incarnate face,
And lean on Thy protecting brea

To ſee the light that dimly ſhone,
Eclipſed for us in ſorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One!
Through ſhadows of Thy mortal veil!

Be ours, O King of Mercy! ſtill
To feel Thy preſence from above,

And in Thy word, and in Thy will,
  To hear Thy voice and know Thy love:

And when the toils of life are done,
  And nature waits Thy dread decree,
To find our reſt beneath Thy throne,
  And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

Reginald Heber.

IV.

" St. John's Day."

"LORD, and what ſhall this man do?"
  Aſk'ſt thou, Chriſtian, for thy friend?
If his love for Chriſt be true,
  Chriſt hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jeſus loves.

Aſk not of him more than this,
  Leave it in his Saviour's breaſt,
Whether, early call'd to bliſs,
  He in youth ſhall find his reſt,
Or armed in his ſtation wait
Till his Lord be at the gate:

Whether in his lonely courſe
  (Lonely, not forlorn) he ſtay,
Or with Love's ſupporting force
  Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as ſtreams command.

Gales from Heaven, if ſo He will,
  Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
  Than the meeting waters make.
Who hath the Father and the Son,
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, ſlave or free,
  Wealthy, or deſpiſ'd and poor—
What is that to him or thee,
  So his love to Chriſt endure?
When the ſhore is won at laſt,
Who will count the billows paſt?

Only, ſince our ſouls will ſhrink
  At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly lov'd ones ſink,
  Lend us, Lord, Thy ſure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to ſee,
And Thy grace to follow Thee.

John Kel

V.

"Home."

COME, Lord, my head doth burn, my
  is ſick,
While Thou doſt ever, ever ſtay
Thy long deferrings wound me to
  quick,

My ſpirit gaſpeth night and day.
O ſhow Thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

How canſt Thou ſtay, conſidering the pace
The bloud did make, which Thou didſt waſte?
When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
I never ſaw thing make ſuch haſte.
O ſhow Thyſelf to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

When man was loſt, Thy pitie lookt about
To ſee what help in th' earth or ſkie:
But there was none; at leaſt no help without:
The help did in Thy boſome lie.
O ſhow Thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

There lay Thy Sonne: and muſt He leave that neſt,
That hive of ſweetneſſe, to remove
Thraldome from thoſe, who would not at a feaſt
Leave one poore apple for Thy love?
O ſhow Thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

He did, He came: O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canſt Thou be ſtrange?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appear?
As if Thy love could fail or change.
O ſhow Thy ſelf to me,
Or take me up to Thee!

The Infancy of our Lord.

1.

" Innocents' Day."

Song lxv.

1.

THAT rage whereof the Pſalme dot
Why are the Gentiles growne ſ
Appear'd in part upon that day,
When Herod ſlaine the Infants
Yet (as it ſaith) they ſtorm'd in vaine;
(Though many Innocents they ſlew)
For, Chriſt they purpoſ'd to have ſlaine,
Who all their Counſels overthrew.

2.

Thus ſtill vouchſafe Thou to reſtraine
All Tyrants, Lord, purſuing Thee;

Thus let our vaſt deſires be ſlaine,
  That Thou maiſt living in us be:
So whilſt we ſhall enjoy our breath,
  We of Thy love our Songs will frame;
And with thoſe Innocents, our death
  Shall glorifie Thy name.

3.

In Type thoſe Many di'de for One;
  That One for many mor was ſlaine;
And what they felt in Act alone,
  He did in will and Act ſuſtaine.
Lord grant, that what Thou haſt decreed
  In Will and Act we may fulfil;
And though we reach not to the Deede,
  From us, oh God, accept the Will.

George Wither.

II.

"The Innocents' Day."

LITTLE flowers of martyrdom,
  Whom the ruthleſs ſword hath torn,
On the threſhold of the morn,
  Roſebuds by the whirlwind ſhorn!

All regardleſs of their doom,
  'Neath the altar where they lay,
With their palm and chaplets gay,
  Little ſimple ones they play.

Tyrant, what avails their tomb?
He ſhall 'ſcape the bloody blade,
Which hath many childleſs made,
Infant born of mother-maid.

Thus the type of Him to come,
Reſtorer of loſt Iſrael,
Moſes 'ſcaped the tyrant fell,
Guarded by the Inviſible.

Jeſu, born of Virgin's womb,
Father, Spirit, One and Three,
Sing we glory unto Thee,
Sing we everlaſtingly.

Iſaac Williams.
From the Latin.

III.

"The Holy Innocents."

SAY, ye celeſtial guards, who wait
In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's palace gate,
Say, who are theſe on golden wings,
That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,
Their palms and garlands telling plain
That they are of the glorious martyr train,
Next to yourſelves ordain'd to praiſe
His Name, and brighten as on Him they gaze?

But where their ſpoils and trophies? where
The glorious dint a martyr's ſhield ſhould bear?
How chance no cheek among them wears
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,
But all is bright and ſmiling love,
As if, freſh-borne from Eden's happy grove,
They had flown here, their King to ſee,
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality?

Aſk, and ſome angel will reply,
" Theſe, like yourſelves, were born to ſin and die,
" But ere the poiſon root was grown,
" God ſet His ſeal, and mark'd them for His own,
" Baptiz'd in blood for Jeſus' ſake,
" Now underneath the Croſs their bed they make,
" Not to be ſcar'd from that ſure reſt
" By frighten'd mother's ſhriek, or warrior's waving
creſt."

Mindful of theſe, the firſt-fruits ſweet
Borne by the ſuffering Church her Lord to greet;
Bleſſ'd Jeſus ever lov'd to trace
The " innocent brightneſs" of an infant's face.
He raiſ'd them in His holy arms,
He bleſſ'd them from the world and all its harms:
Heirs though they were of ſin and ſhame,
He bleſſ'd them in His own and in His Father's name.

Then as each fond unconſcious child
On th' everlaſting Parent ſweetly ſmil'd,

(Like infants ſporting on the ſhore,
That tremble not at Ocean's boundleſs roar,)
Were they not preſent to Thy thought,
All ſouls, that in their cradles Thou haſt bought?
But chiefly theſe, who died for Thee,
That Thou might'ſt live for them a ſadder death to ſee.

And next to theſe, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction, ſtor'd
For Chriſtian mothers, while they moan
Their treaſur'd hopes, juſt born, baptiz'd and gone.
Oh! joy for Rachel's broken heart!
She and her babes ſhall meet no more to part;
So dear to Chriſt her pious haſte
To truſt them in His arms, for ever ſafe embrac'd.

She dares not grudge to leave them there,
Where to behold them was her heart's firſt prayer,
She dares not grieve—but ſhe muſt weep,
As her pale placid martyr ſinks to ſleep,
Teaching ſo well and ſilently
How, at the ſhepherd's call, the lamb ſhould die:
How happier far than life the end
Of ſouls that infant-like beneath their burthen bend.

John Keble.

IV.

"Rachael weeping for her Children."

WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!
O Rachel, weep not ſo;
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flow'r in heav'n ſhall blow!

Firſtlings of faith! the murd'rer's knife
Has miſſ'd its deadlieſt aim:
The God for whom they give their life,
For them to ſuffer came!

Though evil were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they ſhall live again.

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
O Rachel, weep not ſo!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flow'r in heav'n ſhall blow.

Reginald Heber.

V.

BLEST little Martyrs for the newborn God,
How ſhort, yet happy here was your abode!
'Twas but a little while ſince you receiv'd
Your Being here: and what? ſo ſoon reliev'd?

So ſoon call'd up? and for ſo good a Cauſe?
(Martyr'd by cruel Herod's bloody laws)
Thrice happy you, that were ſo ſwift call'd h
In lovely and unſpotted Innocence.

Such early martyrs we muſt needs ſuppoſe
White as the Lily, ruddy as the Roſe.
Make me, dear Lord, before I come away,
As mortify'd, as innocent, as they.

Ign

VI.

The Holy Innocents.

HAIL, you ſweet and budding flowe
Whom (when you life began t
The enemy of Chriſt devours,
As whirlwinds down young Roſ
Firſt Sacrifice to Chriſt you went,
Of offered Lambs a tender ſort,
With Palms and Crowns, you, innocent,
Before the ſacred Altar ſport.
Glory O Lord, be given to Thee
Whom the unſpotted Virgin bore;
All glory to the Trinitie,
From all, both now and ever more.

Samuel Speed
" Priſon I

VII.

" On the Innocents ſlain by Herod."

O bleſſed Innocents! and freely powre
Your Souls forth in a Purple ſhowre.
And for that little Earth each ſhall lay down
Purchaſe a Heavenly Crown.
Nor of Originall Pollution feare
The Stains ſhould to your blouds adhere;
For yours now ſhed, ere long ſhall in a Floud
Be waſh'd of better Blood.

Edward Sherburne.

VIII.

" The Innocents' Day."

ETHLEHEM, above all cities bleſt!
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly reſt,
Where in His manger ſafe He lay,
By Angels guarded night and day.

Bethlehem, of cities moſt forlorn,
Where in the duſt ſad mothers mourn,
Nor ſee the Heavenly glory ſhed
On each pale infant's martyr'd head.

'Tis ever thus: who Chriſt would win,
Muſt in the ſchool of woe begin;
And ſtill the neareſt to His grace
Know leaſt of their own glorious place.

John Keble.

The Circumcision of our Bleſſed Lord

(New Year's Day.)

This is my covenant, which ye ſhall keep,
Between me and you and thy ſeed after thee;
Every man child among you
Shall be circumciſed.

Gen. xvii. 10.

And when eight days were accompliſhed
For the circumciſing of the child,
His name was called Jesus,
Which was ſo named of the Angel
Before he was conceived in the womb.

St. Luke ii. 21.

The Infancy of our Lord.

I.

"The Circumcision, or New-yeares Day."

Song lxviii.

1.

THIS day Thy flesh, oh Christ, did bleed,
Mark't by the Circumcision knife:
Because the Law, for mans misdeed,
Requir'd that Earnest of Thy life.
Those droppes divin'd that showre of blood,
Which in Thine Agonie beganne:
And that great showre foreshew'd the Flood
Which from Thy Side the next day ranne.

2.

Then, through that milder Sacrament,
Succeeding this; Thy grace inspire;
Yea let Thy smart make us repent,
And circumcized hearts desire.

For, he that either is baptiz'd,
  Or circumciz'd in flesh alone,
Is but as an uncircumciz'd,
  Or as an unbaptized-one.

3.

The yeare anew we now begin,
  And outward gifts receiv'd have we
Renue us also, Lord, within,
  And make us New-yeares-gifts for Thee.
Yea, let us with the passed yeare,
  Our old affections cast away;
That we new Creatures may appeare,
  And to redeeme the Time assay.

George Wither

II.

"Upon the Circumcision."

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warri
  bright,
  That erst with Musick, and triumpl
  song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,

o with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
l the world, now bleeds to give us eafe;
ıow foon our fin
›th begin
ancy to feafe!
e exceeding love or law more juft?
w indeed, but more exceeding love!
:, by rightful doom remediles,
oft in death, till He that dwelt above
hron'd in fecret blifs, for us frail duft
:d His glory, ev'n to nakednes;
ıat great Cov'nant which we ftill tranfgrefs
/ fatisfi'd,
ıe full wrath befide
geful Juftice bore for our excefs,
:als obedience firft with wounding fmart
ay, but O ere long
pangs and ftrong
ierce more near His Heart.

John Milton.

III.

The Circumcifion, or New year's Day."

SORROW betide my fins! Muft fmart fo
foon
Seize on my Saviours tender flefh fcarce
grown

Unto an eight dayes age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of Heaven, but His infant blood:
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this Thy welcome to the world, great God?
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſinne-incenſed wrath?
Alas! what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers Juſtice to begin Thy Paſſion,
Almoſt together with Thine Incarnation?

Is it to antidate Thy death? Indite
Thy condemnation Himſelf, and write
The coppy with Thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or is't by this experiment to try,
Whether Thou beeſt born mortall, and canſt dy

If man muſt needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stayes he not till Thy time be come to dye?
Did'ſt Thou thus early bleed
For us to ſhow what need
We have to haſten unto Thee as faſt,
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

'Tis true we ſhould do ſo. Yet in this blood
There's ſomething elſe, that muſt be underſtood.
It ſeales Thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want

Witneſſe enough againſt Thee, that Thou art
Made ſubject to the Law to act our part.

The ſacrament of Thy regeneration
It cannot be. It gives no intimation
Of what thou wert, but we.
Native impuritie,
Originall corruption, was not Thine,
But onely as Thy righteouſneſſe is mine.

In holy Baptiſme this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to Thee.
So that Thy loſſe and pain
Do prove my joy, and gain.
Thy Circumciſion writ Thy death in blood,
Baptiſme in water ſeales my livelyhood.

* * * * * *

Chriſtopher Harvey.

IV.

"Circumciſion."

EIGHT days amid this world of woe
The holy Babe has been;
Long named in Heaven, He now muſt go
To take that name on Him below—
Jeſus, who ſaves from ſin.

His Mother kept the Angel's word
Deep in her boſom's ſtore;

But moſt, by fear and love unſtirred,
Unconſcious of its meaning, heard
The name the Infant bore.

The traitor ſought Him by that name
When all the murderous crew
With ſwords and ſtaves againſt Him came:
And on the croſs, the place of ſhame,
That name was fixed in view.

Yet in His hour of glory, now,
That precious name is given
Above all names to deck His brow;
And at the name of Jeſus, bow
The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,
O Chriſt, for evermore;
Thou, who for us didſt not diſdain
That ſinners ſhould that name profane
Which Seraphim adore!

Joſeph Anſtie

V.

"The Circumciſion of Chriſt."

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'ſt with woe,
To let the world of ſinners ſee
That blood for ſin muſt flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,
  Thy tears upon the breaſt,
Are not enough—the legal ſword
  Muſt do its ſtern beheſt.

Like ſacrificial wine
  Pour'd on a victim's head
Are thoſe few precious drops of Thine,
  Now firſt to offering led.

They are the pledge and ſeal
  Of Chriſt's unſwerving faith
Given to His Sire, our ſouls to heal,
  Although it coſt His death.

They to His church of old,
  To each true Jewiſh heart,
In Goſpel graces manifold
  Communion bleſt impart.

Now of thy love we deem
  As of an ocean vaſt,
Mounting in tides againſt the ſtream
  Of ages gone and paſt.

Both theirs and ours Thou art,
  As we and they are Thine;
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs—all have part
  Along the ſacred line.

By blood and water too
  God's mark is ſet on Thee,

That in Thee every faithful view
  Both covenants might ſee.

O bond of union, dear
  And ſtrong as is Thy grace!
Saints, parted by a thouſand year,
  May thus in heart embrace.

Is there a mourner true,
  Who fallen on faithleſs days,
Sighs for the heart-conſoling view
  Of thoſe, Heaven deign'd to praiſe?

In ſpirit may'ſt thou meet
  With faithful Abraham here,
Whom ſoon in Eden thou ſhalt greet
  A nurſing Father dear.

Wouldſt thou a Poet be?
  And would thy dull heart fain
Borrow of Iſrael's minſtrelſy
  One high enraptur'd ſtrain?

Come here thy ſoul to tune,
  Here ſet thy feeble chant,
Here, if at all beneath the moon,
  Is holy David's haunt.

Art thou a child of tears,
  Cradled in care and woe?
And ſeems it hard, thy vernal years
  Few vernal joys can ſhew?

nd fall the ſounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
rom all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

ook here, and hold thy peace:
The Giver of all good
ven from the womb takes no releaſe
From ſuffering, tears, and blood.

f thou wouldſt reap in love,
Firſt ſow in holy fear:
o life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endleſs year.

John Keble.

The Epiphany,

or

The Manifeſtation of Chriſt to the Genti

He hath ſaid, which heard the words of God,
And knew the knowledge of the Moſt High,
Which ſaw the viſion of the Almighty,
Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open:

" I ſhall ſee him, but not now;
" I ſhall behold him, but not nigh:
" There ſhall come a Star out of Jacob,
" And a Sceptre ſhall riſe out of Iſrael,
" And ſhall ſmite the corners of Moab,
" And deſtroy all the children of Sheth.
" And Edom ſhall be a poſſeſſion,
" Seir alſo ſhall be a poſſeſſion for his enemies:
" And Iſrael ſhall do valiantly.
" Out of Jacob ſhall come he
" That ſhall have dominion,
" And ſhall deſtroy him that remaineth of the city."

Num. xxiv. 16—1

The Infancy of our Lord.

1.

Twelve day, or the Epiphanie."

Song xlix.

1.

THAT ſo Thy bleſſed birth, oh Chriſt,
Might through the world be ſpread about,
Thy Starre appeared in the Eaſt,
hereby the Gentiles found Thee out;
off'ring Thee Myrrh, Incenſe, Gold,
threefold Office did unfold.

2.

t Jeſus, let that Starre of Thine,
ıy Grace, which guides to finde out Thee,
in our hearts for ever ſhine,
ıat Thou of us found out maiſt bee:
Thou ſhalt be our King therefore,
Prieſt, and Prophet evermore.

3.

Teares that from true repentance drop,
Inſtead of Myrrhe preſent will wee:
For Incenſe, wee will offer up
Our Praiers and Praiſes unto Thee;
And bring for Gold each pious deed,
Which doth from ſaving-faith proceed.

4.

And as thoſe Wiſemen never went,
To viſit Herod any more:
So, finding Thee, we will repent
Our courſes follow'd heretofore;
And that we homeward may retire,
Our way by Thee we will enquire.

George With

II.

"The Epiphany, or Twelfth-D

GREAT, without controverſie great,
They that do know it will confe
The myſterie of godlineſſe,
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God in the fleſh is manifeſt,
And that, which hath for ever been
Inviſible, may now be ſeen,
The eternall Deitie new dreſt.

ngels to ſhepherds bring the news,
And wiſe men guided by a Star
To ſeek the Sunne are come from far.
entiles have got the ſtart of Jews.

he ſtable and the manger hide
His glory from His own: but theſe,
Though ſtrangers, His reſplendent rayes
f majeſtie divine have ſpy'd.

old, frankincenſe, and myrrhe, they give,
And worſhipping Him plainly ſhow
That unto Him they all things owe,
/ whoſe free gift it is they live.

hough clowded in a vaile of fleſh,
The Sunne of Righteouſneſſe appears,
Melting cold cares, and froſty fears,
nd making joyes ſpring up afreſh.

that his light and influence
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphany,
khale, and elevate me hence:

hat, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others ſhine,
And guide them to that Sunne divine,
'hoſe daylight never ſhall expire.

Chriſtopher Harvey.

III.

BRIGHT beaming through the
Burſt in full blaze the Day-ſpri
high;
Earth's utmoſt iſles exulted at
And crowding nations drank the orient li
Lo, ſtar-led chiefs Aſſyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi ſeek their infant King
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er His radi
The dove's white wings celeſtial glory ſhe
Daughter of Sion! virgin Queen! rejoice
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting v
He comes,—but not in regal ſplendour d
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian veſt;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar
Of hoſts the chieftain, and the lord of wa
Meſſiah comes!—let furious diſcord ceaſe
Be peace on earth before the Prince of P
Diſeaſe and anguiſh feel His bleſt controu
And howling fiends releaſe the tortur'd ſo
The beams of gladneſs hell's dark caves il
And Mercy broods above the diſtant gloo

Reginald

IV.

"Lines

Suggeſted by a picture of the Adoration of the Magians."

LITTLE pomp or earthly ſtate
On the Saviour's way might wait;
Few the homages and ſmall,
That the guilty Earth at all
Was permitted to accord
To her King, and hidden Lord.
Therefore do we ſet more ſtore
On theſe few, and prize them more:
Dear to us for this account
Is the glory of the mount,
When bright beams of light did ſpring
Thro' the ſackcloth covering,
Rays of glory found their way
Thro' the garment of decay,
With which, as with a cloak, He had
His divineſt ſplendour clad:
Dear the precious ointment ſhed
On His feet and on His head;
And the high-raiſed hopes ſublime,
And the triumph of the time,
When thro' Zion's ſtreets the way
Of her peaceful Conqueror lay,
Who, fulfilling ancient fame,
Meek and with ſalvation came.

But of all this ſcanty ſtate
That upon His ſteps might wait,
Deareſt are thoſe Magian Kings,
With their far-brought offerings.
From what region of the morn
Are ye come, thus travel-worn,
With thoſe boxes pearl-emboſt,
Caſkets rare, and gifts of coſt?
While your ſwarth attendants wait
At the ſtable's outer gate,
And the camels lift their head
High above the lowly ſhed;
Or are ſeen a long-drawn train,
Winding down into the plain,
From below the light-blue line
Of the hills in diſtance fine.
Dear for your own ſake, whence are ye?
Dearer for the myſtery
That is round you—on what ſkies
Gazing, ſaw you firſt ariſe
Thro' the darkneſs that clear ſtar,
Which has marſhalled you ſo far,
Even unto this ſtrawy tent,
Dancing up the Orient?
Shall we name you kings indeed,
Or is this our idle creed?
Kings of Seba, with the gold
And the incenſe long foretold?
Would the Gentile world by you
Firſt-fruits pay of tribute due;

Or have Iſrael's ſcattered race,
From their unknown hiding-place,
Sent to claim their part and right
In the Child new-born to-night?

But although we may not gueſs
Of your lineage, not the leſs
We the ſelf-ſame gifts would bring,
For a ſpiritual offering.
May the frankincenſe, in air
As it climbs, inſtruct our prayer,
That it ever upward tend,
Ever ſtruggle to aſcend,
Leaving earth, yet ere it go,
Fragrance rich diffuſe below.
As the myrrh is bitter-ſweet,
So in us may ſuch things meet,
As unto the mortal taſte
Bitter ſeeming, yet at laſt
Shall to them who try be known
To have ſweetneſs of their own—
Tears for ſin, which ſweeter far
Than the world's mad laughters are;
Deſires, that in their dying give
Pain, but die that we may live.
And the gold from Araby—
Fitter ſymbol who could ſee
Of the love, which, thrice refined,
Love to God and to our kind,
Duly tendered, He will call

Beſt pleaſing ſacrifice of all?

Thus ſo ſoon as far apart
From the proud world, in our heart,
As in ſtable dark defiled,
There is born the Eternal Child,
May to Him the Spirit's kings
Bear their choiceſt offerings,
May the Affections, Reaſon, Will,
Wait upon Him to fulfil
His beheſts, and early pay
Homage to His natal day.

Rich. C. Trench.

V.

The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King; ſung at White-Hall.

The Flouriſh of Muſick: then followed the Song.

1.

TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately ſprung?
Lies He the Lillie-banks among?

2.

Or ſay, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within ſome Ark of Flowers,
Spangled with deaw-light; thou canſt cleere
All doubts, and manifeſt the where.

3.

Declare to us, bright Star, if we ſhall ſeek
Him in the Mornings bluſhing cheek,
Or ſearch the beds of Spices through,
To find Him out?

STAR.

No, this ye need not do;
But only come, and ſee Him reſt
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Breſt.

CHORUS.

He's ſeen, He's ſeen, why then a Round,
Let's kiſſe the ſweet and holy ground;
And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4.

Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,
Each one his ſeverall offering.

* * * * *

Robert Herrick.

Conclusion.

I.

" Amazement at the Incarna
God."

TO ſpread the azure Canopie o
And make it twinkle with tho
Gold,
To ſtay this weightie maſſe of E
That it ſhould all, and nought ſhould it
To give ſtrange motions to the Planets ſe
Or Iove to make ſo meeke, or Mars ſo b
To temper what is moiſt, drie, hote, and
Of all their Iarres that ſweete accords are
Lord, to Thy Wiſedome nought is, nor T
But that Thou ſhouldſt (Thy Glorie laid
Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,
And die for thoſe deſerv'd eternallie pligl
A Wonder is ſo farre above our wit,
That Angels ſtand amaz'd to muſe on

William Dr

II.

" Peace."

MY ſoul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the ſtars,
Where ſtands a winged Sentrie
All ſkilfull in the wars.
There, above noiſe and danger,
Sweet peace ſits crown'd with ſmiles,
And one born in a Manger
Commands the Beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake !)
Did in pure love deſcend,
To die here for thy ſake.
If thou canſt get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The Roſe that cannot wither,
Thy fortreſſe, and thy eaſe.
Leave then thy fooliſh ranges ;
For none can thee ſecure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan.

III.

" Sonnet LXVIII."

THAT bounteous largeſſe of ſweet m
oyle,
That peace of ſoule, that ſilver ſt
of grace,
That comfort of ſalvation, that pallace
Of heavenly ſuccour, which death cannot ſpo
That fortitude, whoſe force no force can foyl
Of Jeſſe's precious braunch, that royall race
Who with His glory filleth every place,
And with ſweete dewes doth cheriſh every ſo
Can with no floriſh of eternall phraſe
Be glorifide, according to deſart :—
Who with meete colours ſhall His glory blaze
Who to the world ſhall condigne praiſe impa
What inſtrument, what voyce, what toungue,
ſpirite
Shall give due commendations to demerite ?*

Barnabe Ba

* demerite—" deſert, merit, deſerving."—
See Dr. Richardſon's Engliſh Di

IV.

" A Wreath."

A WREATHED garland of deſerved praiſe,
Of praiſe deſerved, unto Thee I give,
I give to Thee, who knoweſt all my wayes,
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
Wherein I die, not live: for life is ſtraight,
Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
To Thee, who art more farre above deceit,
Then deceit ſeems above ſimplicitie.
Give me ſimplicitie, that I may live,
So live and like, that I may know Thy wayes,
Know them and practiſe them: then ſhall I give
For this poore wreath, give Thee a crown of praiſe.

George Herbert.

Descriptive Pieces,

ON SUBJECTS ASSOCIATED WITH

Christmas Tyde.

"Song."

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the ſweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here ſhall he ſee
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

William Shakeſpeare.

1.

" Song."

1.

LOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not ſo keen,
e thou art not ſeen,
hough thy breath be rude.
, ho! ſing heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
riendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere folly:
heigh ho! the holly!
ife is moſt jolly.

2.

:, freeze, thou bitter ſky,
doſt not bite ſo nigh
benefits forgot:
gh thou the waters warp,
ting is not ſo ſharp
friend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho! ſing, heigh, ho! unto the green ho
Moſt friendſhip is feigning, moſt loving mere fo
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is moſt jolly.

William Shakeſpea

II.

" Written on the firſt of Decembe 1793."

THOUGH now no more the muſin
Delights to liſten to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green-wood
I love thee, Winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
And ſweet the Autumnal winds that ſhake
The many-colour'd grove.

And pleaſant to the ſober'd ſoul
The ſilence of the wintry ſcene,
When Nature ſhrouds herſelf, entranced
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath ſparkling on the ſight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The foreſt's ample rounds,

And ſee the ſpangled branches ſhine,
And mark the moſs of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
Or o'er the grey ſtone ſpreads.

And mark the cluſter'd berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafleſs oak
That claſps its foliage cloſe.

So Virtue, diffident of ſtrength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the ſpring,
Whoſe waters hid from ſummer-ſun
Have ſoothed the thirſty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.

The green moſs ſhines with icy glare;
The long graſs bends its ſpear-like form;
And lovely is the ſilvery ſcene
When faint the ſun-beams ſmile.

Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the burſting bud,
Or bids the flowret bloom,

For Nature ſoon in Spring's beſt charms,
Shall riſe revived from Winter's grave,
Expand the burſting bud again,
And bid the flower re-bloom.

Robert Southey.

III.

"Winter."

THERE'S not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The ſummer-bird hath left its boug
Bright child of ſunſhine, ſinging no
In ſpicy lands beyond the ſea.

There's ſilence in the harveſt-field;
And blackneſs in the mountain-glen,
And cloud that will not paſs away
From the hill-tops for many a day;
And ſtillneſs round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look;
The loneſome place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
The air is damp, the winds are cold;
And ſummer-paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thiſtle-down;
The crimſon heath is wan and ſere;
The ſedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl ſits huddling by himſelf,
  The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter-ſhed;
The ruddy ſquirrel's in his bed,
  And each ſmall thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
  And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
  And old and young are cold together.

Oh poverty is diſconſolate!—
  Its pains are many, its foes are ſtrong:
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wiſhes 'twas winter through the year;
  The poor man 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
  Prays God that winter be not long!

One ſilent night hath paſſed, and lo!
  How beautiful the earth is now!
All aſpect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their veſture on,
  And clothed is the foreſt bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time!
  Turn to the wide, white waſte thy view;
Turn to the ſilent hills that riſe
In their cold beauty to the ſkies;
  And to thoſe ſkies intenſely blue.

V.

Chriſtmas Eve in the Olden Tin

HEAP on more wood!—The wind is cl
But let it whiſtle as it will,
We'll keep our Chriſtmas merry ſtill
Each age has deem'd the new-born
The fitteſt time for feſtal cheer.

* * * * * *

And well our Chriſtian fires of old
Loved when the year its courſe had roll'd,
And brought blithe Chriſtmas back again,
With all his hoſpitable train.
Domeſtic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night:
On Chriſtmas eve the bells were rung;
On Chriſtmas eve the maſs was ſung;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the ſtoled prieſt the chalice rear.
The damſel donn'd her kirtle ſheen;
The hall was dreſſ'd with holy green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the miſletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vaſſal, tenant, ſerf and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aſide,
And Ceremony doff'd her pride.
The heir, with roſes in his ſhoes,
That night might village partner chuſe;

The lord, underogating, ſhare
The vulgar game of "poſt and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of ſalvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs ſupplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it ſhone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its maſſive board
No marks to part the ſquire and lord.
Then was brought in the luſty brawn,
By old blue-coated ſerving man;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Creſted with bays and roſemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monſter fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The waſſel round, in good brown bowls,
Garniſh'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge ſirloin reek'd; hard by
Plumb-porridge ſtood, and Chriſtmas pye;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At ſuch high tide, her ſavoury gooſe.
Then came the merry maſquers in,
And carols roar'd with blitheſome din;
If unmelodious was the ſong,
It was a hearty note, and ſtrong.

Who lifts may in their mumming ſee
Traces of ancient myſtery ;
White ſhirts ſupplied the maſquerade,
And ſmutted cheeks the viſors made ;
But O! what maſquers, richly dight,
Can boaſt of boſoms half ſo light!
England was merry England, when
Old Chriſtmas brought his ſports again.
'Twas Chriſtmas broach'd the mightieſt ale,
'Twas Chriſtmas told the merrieſt tale;
A Chriſtmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Walter Sc

VI.

" On the Cloſe of the Year 181

DUNEDIN, thy ſkirts are unhallowe
lone,
And dark are the rocks that encircl
throne!
The dwelling of beings unbodied is there—
There are ſpirits abroad, let the traveller bewa

The year on the brink of eternity hung,
The clock had rung long, and the watchman had
And juſt when the murmurs of midnight grew
A ſymphony broke from the ſhelve of the hill :
It was not by man, for no mortal was there,—
There are ſpirits abroad, let the traveller bewa
They ſung of the year that was paſſing away,
And the ſtars hid their bluſhes in curtain of gr

Dirge.

Thou art gone, thou art gone, with thy ſceptre of dread!
With thy brands of deſtruction, and wains of the dead!
With thy rolls and thy regiſters, bloated with woe,
And thy millions of ſouls to the manſions below.
At the fall of thy bier ſhall Time's ſepulchre ſigh,
And thy winding-ſheet all the lone dwellings ſhall dye!
Oh, well o'er the ſhoreleſs abyſs mayſt thou ſhiver—
Down, down to the centre, for ever and ever!

Theſe ſtrains were at midnight heard floating in air,
There are ſpirits abroad, let the traveller beware!

James Hogg.

VII.

"The Death of the Old Year."

FULL knee-deep lies the winter ſnow,
And the winter winds are wearily ſighing:
Toll ye the Church-bell ſad and ſlow,
And tread ſoftly and ſpeak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you muſt not die;
You came to us ſo readily,
You lived with us ſo ſteadily,
Old year, you ſhall not die.

He lieth ſtill: he doth not move:
He will not ſee the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New-year will take 'em away.
Old year, you muſt not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have ſeen with us,
Old year, you ſhall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we ſhall not ſee.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes ſpeak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you ſhall not die;
We did ſo laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you muſt die.

He was full of joke and jeſt,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To ſee him die, acroſs the waſte
His ſon and heir doth ride poſt-haſte,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is ſtarry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my fri
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the ſnow
I heard juſt now the crowing cock.

'he ſhadows flicker to and fro:
'he cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

[is face is growing ſharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
'loſe up his eyes: tie up his chin:
tep from the corpſe, and let him in
That ſtandeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

Alfred Tennyſon.

VIII.

Written on the firſt of January 1794."

COME, melancholy Moralizer, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The Sepulchre of Time!

ome, Moralizer, to the funeral ſong!
pour the Dirge of the Departed Days;
For well the funeral ſong
Befits this ſolemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring roun
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This confecrated day,
To Mirth and Indolence.

Mortal! whilft Fortune with benignant hand,
Fills to the brim thy cup of happinefs,
Whilft her unclouded fun
Illumes thy fummer day,

Canft thou rejoice,—rejoice that Time flies faft
That night fhall fhadow foon thy fummer-fun?
That fwift the ftream of Years
Rolls to Eternity?

If thou haft wealth to gratify each wifh,
If power be thine, remember what thou art!
Remember thou art Man,
And Death thine heritage;

Haft thou known Love! doth Beauty's better f
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious fmile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

Oh ftate of happinefs!—hark! how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leaflefs grove!
Winter is dark and cold;
Where now the charms of Spring!

Sayft thou that Fancy paints the future fcene
In hues too fombrous? that the dark-ftoled Mai

With ſtern and frowning front
Appals the ſhuddering ſoul?

nd wouldſt thou bid me court her fairy form,
'hen, as ſhe ſports her in ſome happier mood,
Her many-coloured robes
Float varying in the ſun?

h! vainly does the Pilgrim, whoſe long road
:ads o'er the barren mountain's ſtorm-vext height,
With anxious gaze ſurvey
The quiet vale, far off.

h there are thoſe who love the penſive ſong,
o whom all ſounds of Mirth are diſſonant!
They at this ſolemn hour
Will love to contemplate!

or hopeleſs Sorrow hails the lapſe of Time,
ejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is ſunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.

.nd he who bears Affliction's heavy load
Vith patient piety, well pleaſed he knows
The World a pilgrimage,
The grave the inn of reſt.

Robert Southey.

IX.

" Dirge for the Year."

ORPHAN hours, the year is dead,
Come and ſigh, come and weep
Merry hours ſmile inſtead,
For the year is but aſleep.
See, it ſmiles as it is ſleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corſe
In its coffin in the clay,
So White Winter, that rough nurſe,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours! wait aloud
For your mother in her ſhroud.

As the wild air ſtirs and ſways
The tree-ſwung cradle of a child,
So the breath of theſe rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hours, ſhe will ariſe
With new love within her eyes.

January grey is here,
Like a ſexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's faireſt flowers.

Percy Byſſhe She

January 1ſt, 1821.

x.

"New Year's Day."

WHILE the bald trees ſtretch forth their long lank arms,
And ſtarving birds peck nigh the reeky farms:
While houſeleſs cattle paw the yellow field,
Or coughing ſhiver in the pervious bield,
And nought more gladſome in the hedge is ſeen,
Than the dark holly's grimly gliſtening green—
At ſuch a time, the ancient year goes by
To join its parents in eternity—
At ſuch a time the merry year is born,
Like the bright berry from the naked thorn.

The bells ring out; the hoary ſteeple rocks—
Hark! the long ſtory of a ſcore of clocks;
For, once a year, the village clocks agree,
E'en clocks unite to ſound the hour of glee—
And every cottage has a light awake,
Unuſual ſtars long flicker o'er the lake.
The moon on high, if any moon be there,
May peep, or wink, no mortal now will care,
For 'tis the ſeaſon, when the nights are long,
There's time, e'er morn, for each to ſing his ſong.

The year departs, a bleſſing on its head,
We mourn not for it, for it is not dead:

Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
A word, whoſe meaning ſenſe could never find,
That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.
The paſſing breezes gone as ſoon as felt,
The flakes of ſnow that in the ſoft air melt,
The wave that whitening curls its frothy creſt,
And falls to ſleep upon its mother's breaſt.
The ſmile that ſinks into a maiden's eye,
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name,
Is with us yet, another and the ſame.

And are the thoughts, that ever more are fleeing,
The moments that make up our being's being,
The ſilent workings of unconſcious love,
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
In the dark caverns of the gloomy heart,
The fancies wild and horrible, which ſtart
Like loathſome reptiles from their crankling holes,
From foul, neglected corners of our ſouls,
Are theſe leſs vital than the wave or wind,
Or ſnow that melts and leaves no trace behind?
Oh! let them periſh all, or paſs away,
And let our ſpirits feel a New-Year's day.

A New-Year's day—'tis but a term of art,
An arbitrary line upon the chart
Of Time's unbounded ſea—fond fancy's creature,
To reaſon alien, and unknown to nature.

–'tis a joyful day, a day of hope!
l, merry dancer, like an Antelope;
ıs that lovely creature, far from man,
ıs through the ſpicy groves of Hindoſtan,
through the labyrinth of the mazy dance,
foot as nimble, and as keen a glance—

ve, whom many New-year's days have told
ober truth, that we are growing old—
ıis one night—aye—and for many more,
e as jocund as we were of yore,
hearts can make December blithe as May,
n each morrow find a New-Year's day.

Hartley Coleridge.

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